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The Week

ATTEMPTS to evaluate Mr. Hoover's Cabinet before it has begun to function are necessarily rather futile. Some of its members are almost entirely unknown, others are known only for work in alien fields of endeavor, while two, Messrs. Mellon and Davis, are held over from the Coolidge administration, presumably for a short time only. In appraising Mr. Hoover's selections it is only fair to remember the difficulties under which he has labored. His Cabinet must be drawn in the main from his own party (although his Attorney General, Mr. William D. Mitchell, describes himself in "Who's Who" as a Democrat); it must not favor one section of the country too heavily; its members must be men who, if they do not happen to be nationally prominent, must be of such standing in the community that their selection will not seem in advance to be a blunder; and finally, they must be persuaded to accept the posts to which they are called. This last stipulation is not the easiest to fulfill; it is known that several men, asked by Mr. Hoover to join his official family, declined on the ground that, for one reason or another, they could not afford to make the sacrifice which they felt was entailed.

BEARING these difficulties in mind, it may be said that the Hoover Cabinet is certainly no worse than was to be expected, and perhaps a little better. Only two appointments are open to grave question: those of Walter F. Brown as Postmaster-General, and James W. Good as Secretary of War. Brown is a Toledo politician, who was unpleasantly close to the Ohio Gang during its palmy days. Good is opposed by the Senate progressives because of his friendliness toward the power interests. They say that as Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee he refused to submit to the House an agreement of conferees of the House and Senate on the Muscle Shoals Bill, and also that he has been counsel for the Alabama Power Company and the Electric Bond and Share Company, an association which makes it undesirable that he should serve (as Secretary of War) on the Federal Power Commission. These are the only two cases in which Mr. Hoover has conspicuously paid political debts, and against them should be balanced such sound appointments as those of Mitchell as Attorney-General, Stimson as Secretary of State and R. L. Wilbur as Secretary of the Interior.

COMPARING the incoming men with their predecessors in office will furnish an indication of the new Cabinet's strength. Stimson certainly stands higher in the public esteem than did Kellogg at the time when the latter was promoted from the Court of St. James's. Mitchell is much superior to Sargent, and R. L. Wilbur to either Dr. Work or Roy O. West. While not much is known about C. F. Adams, except that he is a wealthy banker and an amateur yachtsman, there is every reason to suppose he will be an improvement on Curtis D. Wilbur as Secretary of the Navy. R. P. Lamont, who succeeds Mr. Hoover as Secretary of Commerce,

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is a competent engineer. Mr. Mellon, when he resigns, will probably be followed by Ogden Mills, who is already doing much of the work attributed to the greatest Pittsburgh millionaire since Hamilton. If James J. Davis is not a brilliant Secretary of Labor, his continuance in office at least spares us a Doak or Woll, a prospect with which we seemed for a time to be threatened. The Cabinet as a whole indicates that Mr. Hoover intends to keep the reins in his own hands, as was expected. It is not, however, a mere collection of yes-men, and several of its members may be trusted not to sit silently by while policies are adopted of which they disapprove.

THE REVOLT in Mexico is the most serious threat to the government that has been seen for six years. The rebels, as we go to press, seem to have control in the state of Vera Cruz, with the eastern gateway to the sea, in Sonora in the northwest, the birthplace of Obregon, and in the Catholic state of Jalisco in the central west, and there is fighting in seven other states. Calles has assumed the post of Minister of War and will himself conduct the defense of the existing regime. Several of the disaffected elements in Mexico appear to be participating in the struggle. Portes Gil, the present provisional president, is the protégé of Calles, and both of them are opposed by some of the agrarian followers of the late President Obregon, and by part of the army. There is also opposition from the Catholics; even if the church authorities are not actively concerned, as they insist they are not, there are many thousands of lay Catholics who are bitterly against the present government's policy and would certainly welcome an opportunity to aid in a revolution which has—as this one apparently does —some hope of success.

PRESIDENT MACHADO of Cuba announced last week that he had unearthed plans for a revolution, including a project for his own assassination. Warrants were issued for the arrest of seventy-three men, and at least ten of these have been captured and thrown into the ancient Spanish prison at Havana. While it is impossible to say whether or not this revolutionary plot existed, the chances seem all against it. It is an old device of dictators to announce that their leading opponents are plotting a rebellion, as an excuse to put them into prison. Machado's control of Cuba is so complete that it would seem an act of wild folly to attempt armed resistance to him at this time. The elections are a farce; the labor unions have had their strength broken by repressive acts, and a number of their leaders have mysteriously disappeared, never to be heard of again. The press is thoroughly muzzled. The national lottery furnishes a source of huge profit, part of which goes to the complaisant members of the Cuban legislature. For these conditions the United States is peculiarly responsible, since under the Platt Amendment we have undertaken to see to it that civil liberty is maintained in the Island. The Coolidge administration seemed indifferent to this responsibility, becoming aroused only when the property rights of American citizens appear to be jeopardized. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hoover will take an attitude more in accord with the letter and the spirit of our obligation.

THE Italian committee of inquiry which has been investigating the "Italia" disaster of last year has finally made its report. It severely criticizes General Umberto Nobile, leader of the expedition, holding him responsible for the wreck of the airship and censuring him for permitting himself to be rescued in advance of his companions. On the other hand, Captains Mariano and Zappi, who abandoned Dr. Finn Malmgren on the ice, are exonerated. It is unlikely, of course, that the report of this Fascist commission will settle the controversy which has raged ever since the "Italia's" flight. The deed of which Mariano and Zappi were accused was so much more terrible than Nobile's that plenty of critics will no doubt be found to say that a scapegoat was decided upon, and that Nobile was chosen for that role. The most important fact is one which an Italian commission can hardly be expected to mention—that the whole expedition was designed as a piece of nationalistic propaganda and was undertaken in that spirit. Chances were taken, in the effort to carry the Italian flag across the Pole, which would never have been taken if the expedition had been dedicated to pure science. Nobile's position is now a little like that of a spy captured in enemy territory during war-time, who is executed without receiving any sort of support from his own country. Fascist pride sent him where he had no business to go; and now a Fascist committee stamps the brand of coward upon his forehead.

IN its issue of March 6, The New Republic urged that the Senate should ratify the slavery convention drawn up at Geneva in 1926, which sets forth the policy regarded as desirable for an enlightened nation in regard to slavery and forced labor. We are glad to report that while the issue of The New Republic was on the press, the Senate took the action recommended. This convention requires the powers which ratify it "to prevent and suppress the slave trade," and "to bring about, progressively and as soon as possible, the complete abolition of slavery in all its forms." The powers recognize that forced labor may easily develop into slavery or its equivalent, and the convention pledges them to an ultimate policy of opposing forced labor except for public purposes. The United States Senate, in ratifying the convention, went even further, by reaffirming that this country is opposed to all compulsory labor "except as a punishment for crime, of which the person concerned has been duly convicted." This public notice of our attitude may have a salutary effect in the two areas which are most likely to be concerned, the Philippines and Liberia.

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THE ratification of the convention is desirable in itself, but it is also to be welcomed for other reasons. This is the first of the Geneva conventions to be accepted by the American Senate, and the action justifies hope that the others will also be ratified. It also means an increased degree of coöperation with the League. Secretary Kellogg, in transmitting the convention to the Senate, pointed out that Articles 7, 10, 11 and 12 refer to the League, whose machinery is to be used in putting the convention into effect and for carrying out all actions under it. Indeed, the League is so closely identified with the convention that Mr. Kellogg suggested that the Senate might wish to attach a reservation specifying the relationship between the United States and the Geneva body. The Senate, however, did nothing of the sort. Can it be that, short of actually entering the League, we are now prepared to play our proper part in international efforts at coöperation?

Hoover Begins

THE engineer who was to start a new era in American government begins with an inaugural address in which he calls for a continuation of the old. Mr. Hoover does not quite stand pat. He is not entirely satisfied with everything that exists. Neither does he want a new hand. He merely draws one or two cards before the playing starts. He accepts the direction in which affairs have been moving, and expresses a belief that all that is needed is to go further.

"Law enforcement" is his headline. He wants reform and strengthening of the judicial and enforcement procedure. Many able jurists have been concerned about this matter for a long time. Something, indeed, ought to be done about the "belief abroad that by invoking technicalities, subterfuge and delay, the ends of justice may be thwarted by those who can pay the cost." But there are two schools of thought about this matter. That which ordinarily starts with concern about enforcement is superficial, and the results of its efforts are usually disappointing. It emphasizes more drastic penalties, an extension of police activities, and the weakening of legitimate safeguards which are designed to prevent injustice to the innocent and to protect the rights of citizens. It engages in "drives" against "crime waves." It frowns upon efforts at prison reform. It cares little about perversions of justice through which the weak suffer, such as the Sacco-Vanzetti case. The other school is also concerned about intelligent efforts to simplify procedure so that the law's delays may be minimized. But it sees that the problem of crime is far broader than that of mere law enforcement, that its roots stretch deep into social and economic conditions. The prevention of crime is not an affair of drastic punishment. It is linked with wisdom in the passage of laws, with the corruption of political machines, with the moral sense of industrial leaders. How could we expect that the culprits of the oil scandals should not have escaped punishment under any judicial procedure, when the influence of predatory wealth was so far-reaching in the political and business community that the acts of the guilty were ignored or condoned in high quarters, and by influential sections of the public? Mr. Hoover conveys no sense of these more fundamental matters.

The superficial character of his attack is pointed in his remarks upon enforcement of prohibition. He will do everything the federal government can in this direction. But the federal government has been handicapped by the lack of concurrent enforcement by certain states, by the laxness of local officials, and by the failure of large sections of the citizens to support the law by refusing to patronize the criminal elements which dispense liquor. Mr. Hoover has the moral right, as had his predecessor, to appeal to the citizens for this type of support. But his intelligence fails him if he thinks he can be much more successful in this effort. Can he bring about abstinence, either by command or request, within his own party, among the "dry" members of Congress, even in the Army and Navy? How, then, can he expect it among those who are convinced that the prohibition law is an invasion of their individual rights—certainly a large minority of the nation, and an overwhelming majority in certain localities? Mr. Hoover will end, in the attempt to enforce prohibition, just where others have ended—in futility. He does not see that law enforcement is impossible if unwise laws are passed. His commission will not, in spite of the campaign assurances of his wet supporters, investigate the desirability of modifying the law to be enforced.

In dealing with relationships between business and government, Mr. Hoover accepts, without searching question, the current dogmas. We must not have government ownership or operation. Private business is divided into two classes—that which is unregulated except by the enforcement of competition, and public utilities, which because of their monopolistic character are regulated as to service and rates. The duty of government with regard to regulation of both these classes is described by Mr. Hoover as "rigid enforcement of the laws." Such regulation should be extended only as the states cannot exercise it, and "within the limitations of the Constitution." There is little place, within these formulas, for settling the most pressing questions of the relation between business and government. Can the coal industry be righted by enforcement of competition? Economic research tells us that the trouble with it is too much competition. But if we allow it to be monopolized, states' rights and other constitutional objections are pretty certain to stand in the way of adequate federal control. Regulation of public utilities has broken down in numerous ways, simply because of constitutional

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provisions against "confiscation"—as interpreted by the courts. And why the bar against experiments in public ownership as a possible check, or as an alternative if the Constitution is found to place too heavy a burden on the consumer in the case of private ownership? Apparently the power interests are to have their way even with the public's property at Boulder Dam and Muscle Shoals, on the basis of the formula, "denial of ownership or operation of business by the government in competition with its citizens." Mr. Hoover is concerned about "equality of opportunity"—but opportunity seems to bulk larger in his vision when it is the opportunity of power magnates to make large profits than when it is the opportunity of consumers to buy electric current at the lowest rates consistent with cost of production.

Coöperation with business in the goals which business sets for itself, an activity often useful, with which Mr. Hoover's name has long been associated, is again endorsed. One is not so certain about coöperation with organized labor or other groups in the community—except possibly the farmers. Mr. Hoover is, of course, at one with progressive business in favoring widespread education, encouragement of health and other welfare activities. So long as there is no upset in the distribution of power, it should be used beneficently, and the chance to exercise it should be open to anyone who can, through one of the recognized channels, get to the top.

At no point of his speech is Mr. Hoover more sincere than in his expression of the will to further international peace. In this, also, he is true to the Coolidge policy—perhaps the best of the Coolidge policies. He will unquestionably do his utmost to prevent serious disputes, to limit armaments, to create "instrumentalities for peaceful settlement of controversies." He will try to clear the passage for our entry into the World Court, though abjuring his former belief in the League of Nations. But there is no expression of any critical intelligence as to the fundamentals of international relations. What about the unwholesome effects of a policy of economic nationalism, with its protective tariffs, its competition for markets and exclusive sources of raw materials? This is the line of international economic action to which Mr. Hoover has been committed in the past—it is, of course, the one naturally pursued by dominant business interests. Will he help to create controversy with his right hand while he is trying to avert its unpleasant consequences with his left?

Mr. Hoover is not just another Coolidge. He is a man of active rather than quiescent temper; he has much more ability to participate effectively in affairs. He is an engineer in the sense that he will hasten the pace of the undertakings which are on foot, that he will improve the operation of existing agencies. But Mr. Hoover's faith is essentially Mr. Coolidge's faith. He does not want to accomplish any result which Coolidge would not have desired. Anyone who expected him to exercise the function of an engineer in relation to society as a whole, an engineer who would not regard himself merely as the agent of those already in power seems likely to be disappointed. At least, that is the lesson of his inaugural. But then, if he had been the sort of man who would do so, he would not have been the candidate of the Republican party in 1928, nor would he have been elected. He is expressing aptly the temper of a vast majority of his countrymen. It is perhaps just as well that they should have a leader who is capable of taking them efficiently toward the direction in which they want to go. If what they find along the way proves disappointing to him and to them, it will be the fault of the line of march, not of the captain.

A Fine Appointment

> To reëstablish the vigor and effectiveness of law enforcement we must consider the entire federal machinery of justice, the redistribution of its functions, the simplification of its procedure, the provision of additional special tribunals, the better selection of juries, and the more effective organization of our agencies of investigation and prosecution that justice may be sure and that it may be swift. While the authority of the federal government extends to but part of our vast system of national, state and local justice, yet the standards which the federal government establishes have the most profound influence upon the whole structure. . . .
>
> Reform, reorganization and strengthening of our whole judicial and enforcement system both in civil and criminal sides have been advocated for years by statesmen, judges, and bar associations. First steps toward that end should not longer be delayed.

THESE views of President Hoover, and the central position which they occupy in his inaugural, emphasize the significance of the appointment of William D. Mitchell as Attorney General. The chief law officer of modern governments everywhere plays a role seldom realized by the general public. Even greater importance has always attached to this post in the United States than in other countries. For ours is what the Germans call a *Rechtstaat*—what might loosely be termed a lawyer's state, resting as the Union does upon a legal document. With us, all public questions may sooner or later be subjected to legal tests and usually are so tested. As the legal adviser of the President and of the Cabinet, the Attorney General has enormous influence upon the actual course of administration and legislation. The relation of the Attorney-General's office to the oil lease is too fresh in all our minds to require further illustration. Both in the elucidation of legal questions at cabinet meetings and in direct response to inquiries from the President and the various departmental heads, it may make all the difference to the whole tenor of an administration that the Attorney General is wise, high-minded, and courageous.

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The oil scandals also serve as an example of the vast powers exercised by the Attorney-General in the conduct of the government's litigation. The interests committed to the Attorney-General these days are really staggering in their importance. The protection of the public domain, the effective presentation of issues like those raised in the O'Fallon case, concerning the valuation of the railroad properties of the country, the proper construction of revenue acts, may involve billions. Indeed, such litigation may considerably influence the whole social direction of the country. The Attorney-General determines the entire course of law enforcement, for it is he who sets the professional standards, selects the instruments of legal administration, and determines the grounds for exercising inevitable discretion in the enforcement of law. Finally, the Attorney-General wields a power that extends far beyond his legal work and survives his own tenure of office. For it is the Attorney-General who, as the President's adviser, predominantly determines appointments to the federal bench. Thereby he really decides the quality of the performance of the federal courts, and through his recommendations for the Supreme Bench, he may shape the constitutional development of the country, provided the President gives heed to his recommendations.

At no time was there a greater need for the possession of high qualities of mind and character in an Attorney-General. Throughout the country the federal bench has deteriorated. The tasks of cleansing the Department of Justice of the surviving influence of the Daugherty regime, and of lifting the slack standards which preceded even Daugherty, need to be vigorously pressed. The country, therefore, has cause for real gratitude that President Hoover has placed Mr. Mitchell at the head of the Department of Justice. Sheer merit explains this appointment. Apparently the President responded to the needs of the situation as conveyed to him by those best capable of judging it—the Chief Justice and his Associates on the Supreme Court. Mr. Mitchell, being a man of great modesty, is hardly known to the general public, although upon him, as Solicitor-General of the United States, has rested for years the duty of appearing for the government in all the important litigation before the Supreme Court. But from the Court and from those who follow its labors he has won golden opinions. Mr. Mitchell has attained his new post because of his legal ability, his high professional standards, his courage and independence. That, because of these qualities alone, a high-minded gentleman of rare skill and proved public devotion should have been summoned to become the official head of the American bar and the government's chief legal adviser is, indeed, inspiring. With Mr. Mitchell in control, the Department of Justice will pulsate with competence and character, and there is reason to hope that his example and labors may everywhere work a needed change in professional attitude and atmosphere.

President Lowell and the Sacco Alibi

THE Sacco-Vanzetti case, supposed to be safely dead and buried, turns now and again in its grave. It did so last week, when for the first time the facts came to light regarding President Lowell of Harvard and the Sacco alibi.

Readers of The New Republic will remember that the complete record of the Sacco-Vanzetti case is being published by Henry Holt and Company in a series of volumes, sponsored by a committee of distinguished American lawyers, including Newton D. Baker, Emory R. Buckner, Charles C. Burlingham, John W. Davis, Bernard Flexner, Raymond B. Fosdick, Charles P. Howland, Victor Morawetz, Charles Nagel, Walter H. Pollak and Elihu Root. For the purposes of this record, two members of the committee, Bernard Flexner and Charles C. Burlingham, recently wrote to President Lowell in regard to the incident of the Sacco alibi. To understand their letter, and the reply they received, it is necessary to recall a little of the history of this famous affair.

Sacco and Vanzetti were executed for a murder committed in South Braintree, Mass., on April 15, 1920. Sacco insisted, from first to last, that on the day and at the hour of the murder he was in Boston seeking a passport to Italy. He was supported in this assertion by two other Italians, Felice Guadagni and Albert Bosco, both of whom claimed they had seen and talked with him in Boston on that day. They fixed the date by the fact that it was the same as that of a banquet given by members of the Italian colony in honor of James T. Williams, at that time editor of the Boston Evening Transcript. When they appeared and told this story before the Advisory Committee which was helping Governor Fuller to decide the case, they were in effect denounced as liars by one member of the committee, President Lowell. He had looked up the date of the banquet to Editor Williams, and it took place on May 13, nearly a month later! Sacco's alibi thus seemed to have been shattered. But then a further investigation was made, and it was learned that there were *two* banquets, one of which did take place on April 15 as Bosco and Guadagni had said. Here is the account of what occurred when this was proved, told in the words of William G. Thompson, counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti, who was present at the time:

> Mr. Lowell then recalled Bosco and Guadagni to the room, shook hands with each of them, and told them that he believed them to be honest and that he regretted his mistake. His words were in substance as follows: "Gentlemen, you remember that last night I intimated that I thought you were not telling the truth. I based this upon an examination which I had caused to be made in the files of The Transcript and the Gazetta del Massachusetts. I find that I was in error, and that the dinner which you testified

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> to as having taken place on April 15, 1920, actually did take place on that day, as you testified. I wish to apologize to you and to express my regret for the mistake that has been made."

When the official transcript of this day's proceedings of the Advisory Committee was made available to the committee of lawyers which is publishing the history of the trial, the committee discovered that nothing of all this appeared in the transcript. Instead, there was this singular statement:

> The witness Bosco, who was on the stand yesterday afternoon, again appeared with the editions of the paper La Notizia requested by the Committee, and the Committee, all counsel present, and the witness, look [sic] in the books produced by the witness.

It was because of this cryptic statement of the official minutes that two members of the committee of lawyers, as we have said, wrote to President Lowell. Under date of December 8, 1928, he replied as follows:

> On the day following the testimony of Guadagni, Bosco produced before the Committee the files of the Notizia, by which it appears that there was a luncheon given for Mr. Williams on April 15 (the date of the murder) at an Italian priory in the North End. The Committee, in their subsequent deliberations, assumed it to be a fact that besides the larger public dinner, given to Mr. Williams on May 13, this luncheon also took place on April 15.

President Lowell refers to the affair as a luncheon; the Italian word, in the files of La Notizia, is *banchetto*.

Bosco and Guadagni were right, therefore, as to the incident by which they supported their memory of having seen Sacco in Boston on the day of the murder. President Lowell apologized to them for having doubted their word. Yet if they were honest men, and were correct in their memory of having talked with Sacco in Boston on April 15, Sacco was innocent. By what process did President Lowell and the other members of the Advisory Committee decide that Sacco had not been in Boston that day? The report which the Committee made to Governor Fuller does not mention Sacco's alibi at all, nor allude to President Lowell's unsuccessful attempt to discredit the testimony which supported it. The official transcript, as we have said, omits all mention of this, one of the most vital episodes in the whole history of the case. We have no slightest means of knowing upon what grounds, if any, the Committee decided the crucial question of Sacco's alibi. Did the Committee decide, afer all, that Bosco and Guadagni had lied? Did it come to the opinion that, while they were honest, they were mistaken in thinking they had seen Sacco that day? Or did it accept the only other hypothesis, that Sacco managed to be in two places at once? We do not know; and perhaps we never shall.

Is America Decadent?

THERE is a time in the history of every new nation when the stern pioneer habits and qualities give way to those of a softer sort. The history of the decline and fall of almost all the ancient civilizations may be written from this formula, though the limitations of space prevent us from doing so at the moment. In any case, our own national annals furnish plenty of material with which to drive home the morbidly gloomy point we feel ourselves compelled to make. Let us consider the decline in the art of expectoration. There was a time when every he-American chewed tobacco and woe betided the fly which lit within ten feet of his wandering gaze. Of course, an American of the golden age saw nothing strange in this. For him the spittoon was a symbol of manliness and independence. If any modernist doubts the soundness of this sentiment, let him reflect that it was not until the spittoon had been banished from the American parlor that America began to slip away from the doctrines of the Farewell Address and we began to hear of proposals to embroil ourselves in the affairs of Europe. There is more than a casual connection, we venture to say, between the attempt to drag the United States into the World Court and the fact that the chewing-tobacco industry has practically stood still since 1913. The spectacular growth of the chewing-gum industry only makes the comparison the more heartrending.

We may trace the decadence of American customs in the matter of dress. Red flannels may not have disappeared but, as every reader of our would-be comic publications knows, they have become an object of derision. In their place the past few years have seen the advent, first of the B. V. D., then of undergarments in colors and textures which carry us back to the final days of Rome or the shocking luxury of the Eastern Empire. The pajama has ousted the nightshirt which was good enough for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. When hotels and apartment houses catch fire fat gentlemen rush into the streets in night attire that would seemingly keep even a chameleon awake. The suspender or gallus, long out of favor, is returning, but in a silken disguise startlingly at variance with its humble origin. The male street costume has so far resisted fairly well the tendency toward prettiness of color or material. By and large, it still clings to the dirt hues which have always characterized it since democracy rose in revolt against satin knee-breeches. Shirts and ties have become somewhat feminized, however, and at almost every session the custom tailors' associations are obliged to frown on revolutionary proposals to make formal evening dress blue instead of black. In his sports the middle-class male kicks over even this much of restraint. On the golf course it is no longer the feminine player who brightens things up, but rather her father, brother, husband or sweetheart strutting like a peacock in bright plaid sweater and gloriously baggy

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plus-fours. Nor is this some mere idler, whiling away an empty hour. It is a hard-headed business man who puts over some of his cleverest deals between strokes.

If dress means anything, the traditional role of the sexes has been reversed so far as golf is concerned—and perhaps we should include the winter sports as well. Dress is the lure by which the weaker sex invites the attention of the stronger. It might be better to say that it is the added inducement which the sex whose bargaining power would otherwise be weak throws into the scales. Princes and warriors have been notably fine dressers, but we may be sure that it was because they were such poor things without fine feathers that no sensible woman would look at them. Whenever an aristocracy has learned to dress too well, it has fallen. So we may reason without much fear of successful contradiction that the dress of our golf-course aristocracy is an ominous symptom. It may be objected that the women themselves are doing rather fancy dressing at present. But the fact is that the trend in woman's dress is toward simplicity, even toward masculinity. Woman also wears pajamas. And has anyone seen a divided skirt recently? Outdoor women, who dominate the sex, have persisted in their war-time practice of wearing breeches whenever breeches are convenient. To sum up, we witness the spectacle of men becoming less sternly masculine in their dress and of women becoming less delicately feminine. Even unskilled workers in factories feel this insinuating influence. They wash their faces before going home. Some of them take baths and put on white collars. Once the "dude" was a joke. Now everyone has forgotten just what was funny about him.

But dress, though an excellent illustration, is not the whole story. Let us turn to the field of esthetics. If the American business man of a generation or two ago had any one outstanding quality it was a fine contempt for art. The fact that a few eminently successful business men actually bought pictures in Europe and stored them away in their houses in America meant nothing, for they were not so much buying art as spending money. The artistic blindness of our business men, and of the farming and artisan classes from which most of them sprang, revealed itself in a civilization of surprising material ugliness. What our industrialists touched, artistically speaking, they blighted. But they blighted like the splendid barbarians they were, whole-heartedly, unconsciously, joyously. They produced and sold enormous quantities of goods. They were vigorous and two-fisted. They ate heartily, talked in loud voices, thumped the tables, and, in short, were admirably virile and manly—so much so that few thought to ask what good it did.

But this seems now to be the question they are beginning to ask. Our business men are no longer completely wrapped up in business. The cult of Service is an extraneous element dragged into the competitive arena to fill a want which the elder generations never felt. Institutions like Rotary are really symptoms of a profound *malaise*. The simple give-and-take, the sturdy old game of knock-down-and-drag-out, is being sissyfied. Sentimentalism is creeping in. Our Titans are hunting for excuses and extenuations. It is a sad and debilitating spectacle, like putting calico dresses on South Sea Islanders or making the United States Marine Corps go to Sunday school. Even this does not satisfy. Our business men, like our small-town fiction writers, are feeling the necessity to escape. Golf, motoring, trips abroad, the night club, the cocktail are all resorted to. But these are not the most disillusioning of the captain of industry's, not to mention the colonel of commerce's and the general of finance's, contemporary flounderings. Here and there business men are taking up art in a serious way. They are beginning to make pictures themselves. We hear from scattered sources—the Chicago Art Institute, the Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit Museums—that otherwise reputable men of affairs are smearing canvas and getting crayon dust all over their smocks. The number is, of course, not great, but it is the principle of the thing that counts. If one group of business men goes in for the Finer Things of Life, there is no guarantee that others will not follow. And if this is not decadence, what is?

It may be, of course, that decadence is a good thing, and that it is worth while to destroy venerable traditions in order to achieve this one fine flower. But we believe that if the American business man of the old, tough-minded school is to give way to one of more ethereal flavor he ought to be aware of the full consequences of what he is doing. And the fact is that he is following the path which led Rome to its Decline and Fall. One pair of pink panties, one water-color hastily achieved when he is supposed to be in conference, may not seem much, but in the end they may be his ruin. He may become so intent upon a decorative life that he will forget the good old doctrine that we are placed upon this planet for the prime purpose of making money. America may still survive. But it will not be the America that produced Benjamin Franklin, Anthony Comstock, Calvin Coolidge and Secretary Mellon.

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Chicago's Booze War

There are two chief aspects of gangdom in Chicago. One centers around bootlegging, and its most striking characteristics are described by Mr. Lewis in the article below. The other has to do with "racketeering," with the amazing interpenetration between gang violence and the business organization of the community, and will be discussed in another article to be published by The New Republic in the near future.—THE EDITORS.

THROUGH all of America's naïve horror over the gunmen of Chicago there runs an evident belief that those law-breakers are of a particularly depraved breed. They are usually described as fiends and, as such, representative of a special brand of deviltry characteristic of Chicago's underworld.

The frame of mind which credits such opinions is the same as that which accepted the tales of German atrocities during the World War, or the stories of horrors in Confederate prisons during the Civil War. The black picture is much like that which many Southerners cherish of Sherman marching through Georgia.

All of this is very natural, for what is happening in Chicago is war, and in war-time atrocity legends are popular. By the same token, the Chicago gunmen are nothing more nor less than warriors, however much the newspapers may paint them as butchers. Mercenaries the gangsters may be, but they are nevertheless fighting men, armed and arrayed for killing. They are marshalled in opposing armies, live in armed fortresses, travel in cars that are armed if not armored, plan their strategic raids, surprises, ambushes, and defenses, like professional soldiers. They enlist for the loot that awaits them, live in plenty while they live, and obviously enjoy the life. A discipline as efficient, if not as mannerly, as that of a military body seems to rule them. A commanding officer gives his orders to captains who relay them to the rank and file. This general sees to it that his men are fed, housed and well paid. He provides them with the fastest and most expensive automobiles and machine-guns, and they repay him with a loyalty that is remarkable considering the rewards that could be obtained by treachery. Rebellion occurs within the "mob" at times, yet even then the secessionists do not "talk" to the police. Dying gangsters characteristically hold their silence, and captive gunmen are impervious to police use of the third degree.

During the four years of Chicago's gang wars, which culminated in the massacre of St. Valentine's Day when seven of the "Bugs" Moran bootlegging army were killed, there has been an extraordinary *esprit de corps* among the gangsters themselves. They seldom display any of the "underdog" manner and covert slinking of the old-time safe-blowers and burglars. Their recent coming into wealth can hardly explain this change of front. Nor is it enough to say that the bootlegger has political influence, for many diamond robbers, safe-crackers, and general thieves have had both protection and riches before the modern era. The so-called "insolence" of the Chicago gangster is merely an assurance that society is with him rather than against him. He attends opening nights at the theater in evening clothes, occupying front-row seats while his bodyguards sit a row or two behind. He behaves quietly in the lobby between acts while these same shadows brood over him near by. His guards are not to protect him from the populace or the police but from snipers of the enemy's camp. His only enemies are his rivals.

Towards the public he is usually as ethical as any business man, and in warfare with opposing gangsters he is almost invariably scrupulous not to endanger noncombatants. One shooting did take place in a theater lobby, but that was four years ago, before the warfare was systematized, and even then no harm was done to the bystanders beyond frightening them. Two gangsters pressed against another man quietly in the after-the-theater crowd, shot him quickly and neatly in the thigh, bundled him into a taxicab and were away.

The reputed fiends, savages and cut-throats of Chicago's gangs have as yet injured no disinterested person. An assistant district-attorney was killed, true enough, but he was out riding in an automobile with members of one belligerent army when machine-gun bullets out of the dark ripped through the car. His presence in such company was never satisfactorily explained. Houses of political officials have been dynamited, but the explosions have been front-porch affairs, evidently timed to do little more than terrorize the owners. It is hardly an accident that, in all this warfare, no citizen, living his normal life, has been harmed.

The bootleg soldiers have no grudge against the general public, and take the cursings of the newspapers with cynical indifference. Why should they worry about front-page denunciations and official demands to "Clean up Chicago"? They know that readers of the same newspapers are relying upon the horrible enemies of society to bring them good beers, wines and whiskeys. As long as the supply of liquor is satisfactory, the gangster has little fear of the citizenry. And fraud is practically unknown in the business which the organized gangs conduct with consumers. Sometimes a bottle of whiskey may prove disappointing when opened, but so long as

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the buyer has dealt with an established "mob" he need not worry. All he has to do is report his dissatisfaction by telephone. His money is cheerfully refunded or a better grade of liquor substituted.

Intelligent drinkers in Chicago make sure that their beers, wines and whiskeys come from notorious gangs. What danger there is from poisonous liquor comes from trading with lone bootleggers, who peddle a case here and there for a few dollars' re-sale profit. To deal with a bona-fide representative of a well known gang is to be sure of delivery and product.

Since the development of the powerful gangs, the price of good whiskey and beer has declined somewhat in Chicago. Sales managers of commercial firms, duty-bound to entertain customers from out of town, pay from $100 to $120 a case for excellent Bourbon, whereas in earlier days the same brand, of more dubious origin, cost from $135 to $150. The days when "needle beer"—enlivened with ether—sold for $10 a case were practically ended in Chicago by the rise of the organized "mobs." Good beer, which could not be had then, now costs $12 a case, on an average, and sells in speak-easies at 25 cents a glass.

Other benefits have also come to Chicago from the organization of gangs. Burglaries and hold-ups have lessened, and though pay-roll stick-ups and bank robberies are still frequent, the lonely citizen plodding home at night is safer than ever before: criminals have fatter fish to fry. Gambling, too, gives better security to the citizen-patron today than ever before in the history of Chicago, where gambling has been institutional. The roulette wheels may be as crooked as ever and the dice as often loaded, but the bootlegging gangs, who maintain them in palatial salons, protect their guests from the pickpockets and hold-up men who used to comb these scenes for victims. From Big Business in more admired fields, the gangsters have learned that the "important money" is to be gained by keeping the customer happy and satisfied.

It is this matter of important money that makes Chicago gang wars so bloody. The city holds the key to the rich trade of the West and Northwest in whiskey, wine, gin and beer, exactly as it does in wheat, hogs, furniture, and more staple commodities. New York sends Scotch and imported distillations, but these, after all, are minor matters in the West which, as in pioneer days, prefers Bourbon whiskey, made from corn. Bourbon now comes from Canada and is cleared through Chicago, arriving on motor trucks, steamers, freight-cars, and aeroplanes, from Detroit and other points along the border. Supplementing the Canadian ale and beer with the product of its own breweries, Chicago redistributes the lighter beverages as it does Bourbon, and the control of such fabulous wealth makes life itself unimportant to the gangster who rides upon the flood of gold. It was over this market that Dion O'Banion, ex-safe-blower, and Johnny Torrio, panderer, came into conflict in 1924. O'Banion, controlling the bootleg industry on Chicago's North Side, quarreled over geographical boundaries with Torrio, who ruled Chicago's South Side. Torrio set up a listening post well within O'Banion's preserve, in the charge of the Genna brothers, who undersold the Irishman's salesmen. O'Banion ordered them out. In answer, they shot him, in the florist's shop which served as a blind for his greater activities. The war was on. This happened on November 10, 1924. Torrio was shot in return but recovered and left town, bequeathing the destinies of his South Side army to Al Capone, a far abler man.

The North Side gang fell into the hands of two Italians, Hymie Weiss and "Schemer" Drucci, both of whom soon perished, the former at the hands of marksmen, supposedly Capone men, and the latter from revolver bullets fired into him by a policeman as he sat handcuffed in a squad car. Since that day, ninety-one men of one faction or another have been shot to death, the biggest slaughter being the massacre of St. Valentine's Day, last February. The smaller gangs of Joe Saltis, a Pole, Shelton, an American, the Aelios, Italians, and similar groups have appeared in the limelight now and then with their battles and losses, but on the whole, the war has been between the North and South Sides, with the southern Capone slowly assuming mastery.

But the tide will soon turn in the opposite direction, according to a deputy-sheriff, who has usually been correct in his prophecies.

"When the cops killed Drucci, the last important Italian was gone from the North Side gang," he told me a few days after the seven were killed. "The leadership was seized in April, 1927, by 'Bugs' Moran, an Irishman, and he built up the gang with Irish, German, Polish, American, and Jewish gunmen. Moran is now recruiting fast, gathering an army that will try to clean out the Capone gang, which is made up wholly of Italians. The days when the gangs were mixed racially are over. The South Side gang is all Southern European, and the North Side Northern European, of Irish, Russian and German or German-Jewish extraction.

"All the gangs are lying low now until this last affair, presumably the work of the Capone men, blows over. But, in a few weeks, or perhaps months, Moran will strike. Don't be surprised if he uses aeroplanes to get Capone. You have only seen the beginning so far."

Chicago expects more war. As this is written, the city has closed the saloons where good beer could be had by working men. The drought is on. In the past, it has always been quickly broken. Whether it lasts this time or not, Chicago is in for more war and further enhancement of its reputation—constant since the 1850's—of being the wickedest, boldest city in the world.

As the battle for control of the nation's liquor grows sharper and sharper with the increasing power and size of the gangs, the rest of the country may expect war, too. War has followed two other great American adventures in smuggling before

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this, adventures that did not involve a fraction of the wealth involved in smuggling liquor, nor much more in the way of principle, as millions of Americans view the situation.

War has already come to Chicago, and it is beside the point to call the warriors beasts. With the public they are, as I have said, generous, amiable fellows. If they take each other for "a ride," shoot each other in the back, spray rivals with machine-gun bullets—perhaps poisoned—or slash suspected traitors with knives, they do so because they are at war. And it is a war in which the non-combatants are safer than they were in Belgium.

These facts are recognized by Chicagoans who have no personal interest in the success or failure of prohibition. And they find it ironical that the nation makes the handling of alcoholic beverages a crime, thus forcing war upon Chicago, and then points the finger of shame at Chicago because it has war.

It may be that prohibition has so bettered the nation that Chicago's gang wars are cheap at the price. For the sake of argument, many non-alcoholic Chicagoans are willing to admit as much, but they point out that, if other cities escape the bootleg wars, it is because they are less strategically located than Chicago in the scheme of liquor distribution. And they can only say to the rural towns which vote so earnestly for prohibition and wail so loudly over Chicago's depravity, "If you are free from killings, it is because you are not worth fighting over."

LLOYD LEWIS.

Synthetic Humanism at Yale

IT IS not surprising that the new age of science should reproduce in America those large coöperative assaults on Knowledge that arose in western Europe when its star was in the ascendant. The institute idea has already had a varied and interesting development, especially since the War, and its technique might well repay study. Faith, hope and the foundations have now conspired at Yale to give it the chance of a lifetime. The faith is the faith of young men in an evangel that has not yet reached its Nicea. The hope is of the sort that flourishes more easily in post-war America than in post-war Europe. And the foundations are certainly in the bull market.

An Institute of Human Relations sounds a little like Leacock's warrior who "mounted his steed and galloped off furiously in all directions." But despite the impression conveyed by the official publicity, the idea was not hatched overnight, and its history reveals a logic that is significant and challenging.

For some years past, two at least of the professional schools—law and medicine—have been deliberately moving in the direction of what might be called synthetic humanism; and in both this was first manifest in the "pre-clinical" stages of training. The endeavor energetically fostered by Deans Hutchins and Winternitz, and made patent in the case of the law school in the appointments of Professors Hamilton, Slesinger and Dodd, took the form of an attack on the conceptions of their respective disciplines as self-contained and self-sufficing systems, each with its private absolutes, and an opening up of approaches through which the play of human and social forces in these fields could be appreciated. Law as the Yale school sees it is not an inflexible technique leading to results predetermined by its own logic, but a whole assortment of technical procedures whose outcome is governed by larger social, or smaller individual, factors. Such factors are constantly at work in the evolution of the technique itself.

Similarly, the Dean of the medical school was complaining of his students that

> few have enjoyed the preliminary experiences essential for the best training of the prospective physician, as there is nothing in the curriculum of medical education, either here or elsewhere, designed to bring to the student's consciousness man as a psycho-physical entity with body and mind in mutual relation. It seems highly desirable that the opportunity should be at hand, preliminary to the actual contact of the student with clinical medicine, to acquire an understanding of man as a social as well as a biological problem. He should pause to acquire or to review the fundamentals associated with an understanding of man as a rational human being.

The opportunity has been provided. Meanwhile, at the other end of the business, human nature was climbing the fences of the professional preserves. "Cases" were becoming individuals and groups of individuals, as they were to the much maligned general practitioner. The work of the clinical sections, the developments in pathology, such enterprises as the New Haven Health Survey and the follow-up work in T. B., emphasized the need of a broad social approach; so did the psychiatric work undertaken by a visiting consultant and a small resident group, both in the University and elsewhere. This work secured in 1926 a limited endowment from the Commonwealth Fund, and stood in obvious need of further development and integration; not only its methods but its ideals were changing. In coöperation with other therapeutic activities, it was advancing from the diagnosis and treatment of diseased cases to what may be called preventive psychiatry—"the stimulation of the constructive forces in the h[illegible]ersonality." Scope for such

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work implied increasing coöperation with other lines of endeavor.

At this point the fences began to give way altogether. The law school had researches in progress in which psychology was increasingly called upon. Yonder was another specific endowment in child development and psychology, with yet other researches in progress at the institute of psychology—also handicapped for lack of space and equipment. It was inevitable, given the general point of view and the personality of Dean Winternitz, that some large scheme of coördinated activity should make its appearance.

This was first outlined, some two years ago, as an Institute of Human Behavior (nomenclature has been a difficult matter all along) in which psychology, psychiatry, and the various branches of preventive medicine and therapeutics could coöperate in the study of the human individual. The somewhat prolonged gestation of this project actually resulted in paving the way for the present scheme. By a fortunate conjuncture of circumstances, the foundations were convinced of the importance, and the faculties of the possibility, of still further broadening the basis of coöperation. It is unnecessary, at this time of day, to point out the impossibility of studying the individual as apart from his group, or the mutuality of interest existing among the law, the social sciences, psychiatry and general therapeutics. The discovery that the fences were down—or at any rate low enough to climb over—will have its monument in the Rockefeller building, to be begun this summer. Meanwhile the executive committee, composed of the deans of the graduate, law and medical schools, with representatives of the social and the natural sciences, stands facing its task.

That task, of translating the general logic of the scheme into concrete proposals and methods of research, is as yet barely begun; but it is the pivot of the whole enterprise. The Institute rests on the assumption, not merely that there are general grounds for coöperation between the various disciplines dealing with man in social relationships, but that there are specific grounds on which actual joint enterprises may be conducted. The committee has to find and plan those grounds and enterprises; and the task will be no light one. The psychiatric and psychological end of the scheme is already fairly definite. The extension of staff, library and equipment was a definite need, and the project of housing such selected cases as may reward prolonged or intensive study is quite promising. The exploration of projects upon which the Institute as a whole can function is certain to occupy many months, however, and the full possibility of the scheme necessarily awaits the definition of such projects.

Juvenile delinquency is one such field, and is likely to receive early attention. The choice of the family as the first "group" is also suggestive. It is pointed out that, while a good deal of work has been done from the standpoint of the separate disciplines, coördination of the results is lacking and may call for a new type of investigation. The complex of legal and administrative institutions which bear upon the family as a unit might be studied as a whole; or the economists' researches into living standards and family earnings might be correlated with the social incidence of disease as it comes within the view of the medical or psychiatric schools, and this again with other sociological investigations. Comparative studies of separated areas might bring to light hitherto undetected factors; and it is possible that the Institute may call into consultation recognized experts in special fields to assist in formulating its projects or planning its attack upon them.

To an independent observer it seems that the value of the enterprise, at least in its early stages, may lie less in reference to specific social or individual problems than in regard to the possibility and the technique of coöperative research as such. One does not—and the committee is aware of the fact—secure coöperation merely by assembling specialists in adjoining rooms under the same roof. To what extent, and by what methods, joint endeavor can be inaugurated is a problem of importance to all the social sciences, and it may take a few years, and a few mistakes, to find the right road. It is a safe prediction that the first human relations the Institute will study will be those of its assembled investigators.

Another possible result not mentioned in the program may well be an evaluation of the newer disciplines as effective instruments for social betterment. At present those disciplines are going around with the magic word "science" stuck in their caps, and getting more vicarious prestige than is realized from the achievements of natural science in other fields. Actually there are some radical divergencies between the various schools of sociology, psychology and psychiatry, and there may be jolly times ahead of the Institute when these divergencies begin to come out in application to a given set of common problems.

In any case, social diagnosis rather than social reform is likely to prove the chief end of the scheme. The synthetic approach to knowledge is more adapted to the former than the latter, and it is easy to exaggerate the possibilities of the American quest for more and yet more information. The evolution of new social norms demands catholicity of mind as well as synthesis of information; and the contribution of the "humane" studies in the liberal college remains the foundation of both social and cultural advance. Culture and disinterested scholarship are factors of social progress not less important, in the long run, than applied science. Their value, however, may be both enhanced and carried more widely through a frontal assault on social problems; for which reason both the University and the community will greet the Institute without misgivings, if with tempered optimism. There will doubtless be accommodation for hardened skeptics in the psychiatric ward. WILLIAM ORTON.

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Saving Labor and Losing It

The Second in a Series of Articles on "Men and Machines"

SOMBART, studying agricultural conditions in western Europe in the fourteenth century, found hundreds of communities which averaged from 160 to 180 holidays a year. Mr. and Mrs. Lynd, studying "Middletown" in the United States in 1925, found a working-class population which, between hard physical labor and worrying about unemployment, was pressed reasonably close to the limit of what the human organism can stand. Their chapter entitled "Why Do They Work So Hard?" furnishes at once exhaustive and conclusive evidence of the tremendous pressure upon the modern industrial community.

The fourteenth century used the primitive tools of the Romans and Egyptians. Middletown was equipped with thousands of mechanical horsepower, and all the labor-saving devices of the Power Age. This seems a strange inversion: a great increase in machines, and a great decline in holidays; more power and less leisure. One can only ask again the question which puzzled John Stuart Mill half a century ago: How much labor do "labor saving" devices really save?

They are constantly ousting men from their jobs, as we shall see later in more detail, and thus saving a certain amount of labor. But it is debatable how far one can take any satisfaction in unemployment as an index of social gain, particularly when the hard work, to say nothing of the mental agony, of trying to find another job, is counted in. Real labor saving can hardly be reflected in the tragedies of unemployment; it must show itself in more rest, peace, security, an opportunity to breathe easier, a halt in the remorseless grind. Middletown never halts—save for a dash across the country in the Ford on Sunday—and it is reasonable to conclude that its people, for all their machines, have not gained an inch in the quest for leisure since the fourteenth century—if, indeed, they have not positively lost ground.

There is no ready answer to Mill's question. The paradox is there for all to see, but reasons for it are many and complicated. Among the more important is that Middletown wants—or better, has been taught to want—more things than the fourteenth century. If wants expand as fast as invention, the standard of living conceivably rises, but all the labor that is saved in process A must go to work on process B—national advertising, or the implacable Joneses, having created a demand for B. The community as a whole labors just as hard as ever. Machinery, in the last analysis, can enable us to secure the same amount of commodities for half as much work (to take an arbitrary percentage), or twice as many commodities for the same amount of work. Neither goal, however, or any rational compromise between them, is possible without some sort of conscious social direction. The only direction known to Middletown is that of a few private individuals eager to secure a greater or lesser pile of commodities in the form of superluxuries for themselves, and continually at war among themselves. Under such a criss-cross of purposes, the machine is as perplexed as the underlying population, and genuine labor saving tends to go by the board. There are many other reasons, but this is certainly one cardinal answer to Mr. John Stuart Mill.

Let us examine the paradox in a little more detail. Here, for instance, is the automobile—a pretty child in its 1929 clothes. It is itself a labor-saving device—provided you use it as such. The lathes and presses which help to manufacture it save incredible quantities of hand work. But what is the net effect on the total national labor burden—both for consumers and producers?

Probably two-thirds of its use, disregarding trucks, is applied to doing something, pleasurable or not so pleasurable, which you as consumer would not have done had the motor car never been invented. You travel, visit, pay duty calls, "go out for a ride," move your home from town or city to the suburbs—ever deeper into the suburbs; you buy a summer place or a camp—all because of the wider radius which the automobile has given you. Without it, you would still be in town, moving in a smaller orbit. Granted that it is good for you to swing high, wide, and handsome, has it saved you any labor? Are you not planning, scheming and physically working harder with your rides, visits, tire-changing, garage-haunting, and the new obligations which the suburban house and the summer camp entail? Fords save farmers and mechanics labor—chiefly of the leg muscles; but how much saved labor does your Buick net you? This new animal requires food and exercise, and it is your destiny to give it to her.

Take now the other side of the picture. It has been estimated that it would require 1,000,000 men to build by hand 10,000 Fords at a cost of $10,000 each. Lathes, milling machines, conveyors, have enormously reduced the hand labor which would be demanded without them. But to sell automobiles, alas, and keep them running on good roads, requires a fabulous amount of labor—new labor, new work, unheard-of and unnecessary be-

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fore the coming of the motor car. The World Almanac estimated the automobile man-power in the United States in 1928 as 3,732,000 men and women—all added in a few years' time to the American labor budget. The product which they make has provided them with jobs, but the gross exertion of the nation has, as a matter of cold fact, been stimulated by something in the nature of one billion man-days of new work per year, while the net effect upon the consumers of the product has probably been to increase their work and care—certainly not to diminish it. If you built a great automobile plant in, say, Central Africa, and made the natives motor mad, they might be happier, but they would suddenly find themselves with an enormous amount of new labor to perform—of which changing a tire with a hungry lion in attendance would be the smallest of items.

Take the modern cleaning complex. How can we call the bath-tub a labor saver, when our forbears were sublimely unaware of the whole toilsome phenomenon of plumbing, hot water heating, dressing and undressing two or three times a day, clean linen in piles, towels (they must be Cannon), bath salts, sprays, back rubbers, soaps nicely adjusted to every part of the anatomy? It takes a staggering amount of work to live up to the demands of our vendors of cleansing appurtenances; and it takes a staggering budget of labor to fabricate the same. To a citizen of the fourteenth century, the whole procedure would appear dangerously close to lunacy.

This reasoning holds with all manner of new devices and products which are not devoted specifically to the basic processes of food, shelter and clothing. The radio, the movies, the phonograph, chewing gum, cigarettes, cosmetics, the bulk of printed matter—however efficient their production, have added to the national labor burden. I doubt if even the telephone has saved more effort than it has created. For every minute won, another minute has gone into running frantically around in wider circles.

Meanwhile a large proportion of labor devoted to the old-line essentials of food, shelter and clothing has certainly been eliminated. It is the margin of that saving which makes it possible to have automobiles at all. As labor has been squeezed out of essentials, it has flowed into the superfluities—or the new necessities, as you please—with the same old time-clock on the wall. Here is the first great tax upon the work of the billion mechanical horses. Remember that no criticism of the process is necessarily involved. For all we know, it may be an excellent thing to use engines for more stuff, rather than for more leisure. But regarding the actual stuff before us, one wonders sometimes if it is worth the price; if Middletown would not be happier with a five-hour day, and rather less in the way of cosmetics, Hollywood films and electric refrigerators.

A second great tax arises from the fact that the specialization required by the machine makes for an enormous new establishment in which to function. In the old days one lived and worked in his own house—or in the fields near by. One roof was all that he required. Now every factory and office employee requires two roofs—his house for the night and his mill or office building for the day. To double the square feet of roofage for millions of people requires a deal of labor. Indeed, the whole capital cost of getting ready to operate the new machine civilization—a transformation still far from complete—has been a devourer of labor. When the new plant is ready, great savings should theoretically appear. But, alas, it is never ready. New invention scraps one plant after another, and never has the turn-over been faster than at the present moment. So, in addition to provisioning ourselves, we have to build the whole industrial structure over once every decade or so. The fourteenth century had only operating costs to meet, including normal depreciation.

A third heavy tax is to be found in the physical organization of the modern city. The machine and medical science have made the city possible, but from the standpoint of human labor it is distinctly a luxury. All that is needed to drive this fact home is to look down an excavation in one of its main streets—there will be one on the next block—and note the chaos of water pipes, gas pipes, sewer pipes, heating pipes, telephone cables, electric power cables, which are forever being laid, relaid, enlarged, extended, renovated and repaired. Cast up the man-power lost in traffic congestion; in delivering merchandise and supplies; in erecting buildings as "short term investments," to be torn down in a few years' time as land values rise; in reaching out a hundred miles for a water supply; in carrying garbage twenty miles out to sea; in building subways which never solve the traffic problem, but only make it worse. Labor is saved by metropolitan machines in detail, but the city which the machine has made possible is, as a total phenomenon, a colossal exhibit in excess human effort. The excess is roughly measured by the margin between the cost of living in the city and the country. To live on the same scale costs 25 percent more in New York than in outside districts.

A fourth tax is taken by the factory itself. For certain products it is very dubious how much labor it actually saves. A competent economist, Mr. Ralph Borsodi, has demonstrated that he can grow and manufacture many things in his own home at a fraction of the price he has to pay the factory for them. Thus his wife makes a gallon of floor wax, including all labor and overhead charges, for $1.50. She cannot buy it for less than $3.50; and whereas her product is made to Bureau of Standards specification, and its quality is always the best, the quality of the purchased article is far more

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temperamental. In her home I was served a meal where everything but the meat was provided at a cost below the retail market price, and of a quality calculated to drive the Canners' Association to despair. The demonstration, furthermore, was not founded on any formula calling us back to the good old days of cottage industry. In the home plant was every variety of modern serviceable machine—electric stoves, griddles, dish washers; steam cookers, an automatic furnace, a tractor, cultivating machines; and their upkeep together with the home labor was carefully pro-rated in the cost accounting.

You object that people would rather buy a more uncertain quality in packages and cans. They would, and they do. But the fact remains that the total labor bill, compounded of farmers, factory workers and distributors, is greater than that of home manufacture—for certain articles. The application runs particularly to foodstuffs fresh and preserved, and simple chemical compounds such as waxes, cleaning and toilet preparations, fertilizers, oils, disinfectants. The machine, by centralizing production in the factory, has, for these articles, when the costs of salesmanship and distribution are counted in, wasted labor rather than saved it. This sounds incredible and absurd. What we do not fully realize is the incredible and absurd degree to which the costs of distribution have expanded under our competitive economy. We see the factory continually eliminating its workers, but forget that these men, in effect, only run around and climb aboard the product on its way from the factory door to the ultimate consumer. Distribution costs go up as fast or faster than production costs go down. Much was hoped in this direction from the chain stores. Now it appears that there are so many chains in the field that fabulous rents are being paid for choice Main Street corners, with the result that the service accent is shifting from price to quality, and the earlier savings bid fair to cancel out in competitive warfare.

Again, we must remember the terrific distance through which raw materials must be gathered, and the completed product shipped. If half a dozen great soap concerns are trying to supply the country from one central point—each with its national advertising campaign, and its complicated distribution system—we have a spider web of effort which may quite extinguish the economies within the soap plant itself, and leave the little local plant supplying the neighborhood, or even the householder supplying himself, a more efficient unit.

All this, of course, is not the fault of the machine, but of the going economic structure. One can readily visualize efficient factories, strategically located close to sources of raw materials, fed by cheap electric power, supplying their immediate localities with good products at a cost far below that which any single home-holder could duplicate. Such would, however, require a steady, calculable demand to which the production cycle could be adjusted, and the striking of every ballyhoo artist from the pay-roll—in brief, an economy based on the engineering principle of the "balanced load."

The last point raises the whole question of the superior efficiency of machine work over hand work. It is universally assumed that the machine is enormously superior. For many processes it is; as a total phenomenon, it can probably be called superior—with the word "enormously" left out. There are, however, a number of considerations which need further analysis, together with a number of popular assumptions which are manifestly ill founded. The machine, as currently controlled, is not always the champion that we have been led to suppose.

There is one fairly simple short-cut which can be taken in comparing machine and hand labor. The money cost, in the last analysis, is often a rough index of all the work which has gone into a given commodity or service. If we can secure the machine-made delivered cost, and compare it with the hand cost, in a controlled experiment, we obtain a reasonable approximation of relative efficiency. In the case of Mrs. Borsodi's floor wax and preserves, such a test shows no saving whatever by virtue of the factory process, but on the contrary, a large loss. If it were possible to make similar tests for other commodities, we might find that in many items the factory-plus-delivery cost was higher than home manufacture cost (with home machines); and we should undoubtedly find cases where straight local handicraft entailed less labor than nationally distributed mass production articles.

A manufacturer writing in the Atlantic Monthly gives his actual experience. In 1926 it required forty minutes of total pay-roll labor to produce the unit article which his factory makes. (He is too cautious to tell us what it is.) In 1928, the time had been cut to twenty minutes. But his competitors had duplicated his efficiency, and as a result his selling costs *doubled* in the same period, leaving him worse off than before. He inquires rather plaintively: "Are we the victims of our own producing efficiency?" His conclusions are not without interest. He believes that the present scale of output is excessive, that people are using too much unnecessary stuff. He believes that the point of accelerating unemployment has been reached, and that the self-sufficient worker with his home and garden is the man best able to survive the toppling over of the whole structure, which is coming and which may force us back to primitive conditions. I cannot share his revolutionary prophecy, but I am ready to shed a tear with any business man loaded down with competitive overhead, and the costs of modern distribution.

One yard of cloth produced by machine costs many hundred times as much as a yard produced by hand. Only if thousands of yards are produced does cost drop below the hand level. The greater the volume, the lower the cost, but if volume can be secured only by excessive salesmanship, the whole machine process defeats itself. Many articles now

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entering into the cost of living of the modern consumer are caught in this impasse. In brief, modern industry is saving labor at one end only, and that the less important. It is whittling away manfully at production costs, which are often relatively small, and doing rather worse than nothing in respect to distribution costs, which are relatively huge.

In our right hand is a model of Middletown, and by holding it to the light, we can see tiny figures working, resting, playing. In our left hand is a model of a fourteenth-century village on the Rhine, also with its moving figures. We look from one to the other and back again; following this man and that; following the activity of the whole group; trying to determine which is working the hardest, sleeping the soundest, eating the heartiest, drinking the deepest, and getting the most out of life. The Rhine village men work hard and long; but anon as the holidays swing round they are playing hard and long. The men of Middletown work shorter hours, but they are lucky if they get a week's vacation in the year besides Sundays and legal holidays.

The movement of materials, the picking up and laying down of vast quantities of inorganic matter is incredibly great in our right hand as compared with our left. Freight trains full of such material arrive every day, and freight trains leave. The streets are dug to bury it and redug to lift it up again. The whole aspect of the town changes as the freight trains leave their staggering loads upon its platforms. Buildings come down and others go up; these come down and still others go up.

Above all, we note that nearly everything the people of Middletown make is forthwith loaded upon a freight train, never to be seen again. Once in a great while, after long wanderings, a piece of it may come back for home consumption—say a storage battery—but this is an event. And everything that Middletown needs to keep alive comes in on freight trains. Only the local building trades make things that Middletown uses in any quantity.

But in the German village, here are the fields, the vineyards, the smithy, the slaughter house and the looms. Everything locally made is locally consumed. A peddler or two arrives, a wagon-load of fine wines departs, but no freight trains come lumbering in and out to puzzle us. The picture is direct, simple, and complete.

If we find, as I am afraid we do, that Middletown—for all its smoking chimneys—is working as hard, worrying more, and enjoying itself less than the Rhine village, the reason seems to be in these piles of inorganic matter, these hectic streets, these subdivisions, these eternally burdened freight trains. . . . More stuff, more congestion, more competing factories, more cross-hauling, than the fourteenth century ever dreamed of.

This all may mean Progress. It certainly means work.

STUART CHASE.

(Mr. Chase's third article, entitled "Skilled Work and No Work," will appear next week.)

Washington Notes

WITH the new administration all set and in the saddle, with Congress, for a brief space, at any rate, not in session, with the Coolidge regime definitely a thing of the past (though a faint smell of grease still lingers), it is possible to look around Washington and get a clearer view of things than could be had while the air was feverish with cabinet uncertainties, the inaugural address was a mystery and the animosities engendered by the struggle to get into the official family were at their hottest. And no one who does thus look around, it seems to me, can fail to be struck with the extraordinary extent to which the lobbyists, propagandists, publicity bureaus and press agents have multiplied within the last few years. They are, in fact, as thick as flies and infinitely more pestiferous. It is no exaggeration to say that today they are 50 percent more numerous than they were two years ago, and the increase is steady and persistent.

Scarcely a week goes by that some lame duck Representative or Senator, some former holder of an important federal office, some ex-newspaper man, some glad-hand small-town booster, is not added to the ranks of the great unofficial army whose chief aim is to influence legislation, adjust claims against the government, or do a surreptitious brokerage business in appointments. Practically every industry and organization in the United States with the slightest pretense to national flavor is now represented in Washington by a "legislative agent" of one sort or another. Their pay ranges all the way from the $50-a-week newspaper hack to the $50,000 public relations counsel with his unlimited expense account. It is the greatest game of bluff in the country—and one of the most pernicious and offensive. Of those engaged it it, 98 percent are wholly without power, prestige, influence or standing. Nearly all of them are hollow humbugs who would have a terrible time making a good living in any line where they had to deliver the goods.

They flood the desks of the Washington correspondents with "interviews" and "articles" and "analyses." Those with expense accounts give "parties" for which they rake and scrape up what guests they can from the lower journalistic and legislative ranks. They "start" stories, pretend to inside information, talk about dining with public men whom they know only by sight, and are responsible for a large proportion of the fairy tales which float about the Capitol. Some of the mere publicity agents, I am told, have actually horned in on the so-called White House press conferences, which, if true, seems to me a matter that ought to agitate our "corps of correspondents" vastly more than does the distaste of Mr. Hoover for indiscriminate cross-examination about the state of his mind and the condition of his soul, at a press mass meeting made up largely of men he does not know.

Undoubtedly, most of these lobbyists, legislative agents and propagandists are fakers, not only of no use to the cause or the industry they represent, but in many cases a positive detriment. I make an exception of former government officials who have established law offices in Washington and are engaged in adjusting tax refund cases before the Internal Revenue Department or in representing per-

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sons with claims against the government, with which other departments, and not Congress, deal. Some of these, too, are futile fellows, who operate on bluff, but a considerable number of them are not. These latter not only know the ropes, but have friends or dependents, political or personal, in key positions. These can "deliver," and do sometimes "deliver," in an extraordinary way that has been the subject of considerable criticism—and envy.

By those who take a high view of such things, it is contended that a man who has held public office cannot, with propriety, appear in the role of lawyer before former subordinates who owe their power and place to him. This is the reason why ex-Presidents of the United States are recognized as debarred from practice in the federal courts after they leave the White House, and it is difficult to see why, if this theory is so completely accepted, the same ethical rule should not operate against lawyers who, while they have not been President, have still held positions where they could, and did, appoint men before whom they now appear as paid agents for government claimants, seeking favors which those they have put into office are able to give. At any rate they are too numerous, and some of them have made so much money in their particular line that the suggestion that there is nothing to admire in the way they have accumulated it now causes them to heave with indignation and resentment. It would be a fine idea if, some slow day in the Senate, some Senator should take the floor and do a really good job on these boys. They need it. But, then, I don't believe there are many Senators left who have much of a taste for the job. Some of them anticipate a day when they may join the class.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Sonnet on First Looking into the American Novel

Let us await the great American novel

(Black, white, yellow and red and the faun-colored
Bastards of all of them, slick in the wrist, gone
Yank with a chewed cigar and a hat and a button—
Talking those English spich with the both ends cut:
And the New York art and the real South African music
Constructed in Cincinnati by Irish jews.
Dutchmen writing in English to harry the Puritans

Puritans writing Dutch to bate the Boor. . . .)

Let us await the great American novel

And the elder ladies down on the Mediterranean
And the younger ladies touring the towns of Spain
And the local ladies, Dakota and Pennsylvanian,
Fringing like flowers the silvery flood of the Seine

And the YOUNG MEN writing their autobiographies
And the old men writing their names in the log

Let us await (Do you mind?) the American novel.

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH.

The Old Rialto

WHAT WITH FOOD, drink, a trip across the river, something for New York to do that is rather out of the ordinary, Mr. Christopher Morley's Old Rialto Theater in Hoboken has come, as everybody knows, into a great success. The house is packed, the air of it whooping and eager and friendly, and the tickets must be bought weeks ahead.

But besides these novelties there are other elements in the success of this hearty and sweet-tempered venture, one of which is the plays themselves. We are all familiar by now with the Victorian return. All over town one sees signs of a tedium with regards to the sleeked-down and cleaned-out interiors and clear-edged furnishings; one sees vases, lamps, pictures and general ornaments that come from the days of our grandfathers. Some of these details are absurd, perhaps, but many of them come as a rest because of their fancy, their warmth, whimsy and friendliness, and because of their associations with our earlier days. These plays, then, that make up the series at Mr. Morley's theater, belong to the last quarter of the nineteenth century. "Black Crook" is soon to come, and the piece now that enjoys such favor is Dion Boucicault's "After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife nor Widow."

These parental plays, as we see them through their diverse scenes, have two special appeals for us. In the first place, they are sheer, not to say raw, theater, theater as our forefathers knew it, before the days of plausible resemblance, photography and reality. They go fast, offer much, are jammed with characters, scenes and suspenses, and they end right, with morality that is a rest and a comfort in an uncertain world, and rewards that are a solace and encouragement. They excite the imagination, enliven the passions and stifle the mind, all good theatrical qualities. They make virtue attractive and profitable, vice engaging and abhorrent, and the passions lurid but chartable. In them the orbits humanity travels are hot and bright, but certain; and there is nothing that is not companionable with food, tears and entertainment. And, finally, they provide a wide chance for pure acting, for which, despite our professions of naturalness and daily truth, we have such appetite.

These plays, too, are so past now that they have an added character of costume and mask; in setting and costume and mental aspect they easily translate into theater. The word-statement, even, belongs so much to another generation and mode that it, too, has the character of mask to it—a subtle study to make as you watch these plays produced.

There is yet another element at the Old Rialto that makes its contribution. The credit for it is Mr. Cleon Throckmorton's, who invents the *décor*. The settings for "After Dark" are, on the whole, more than adequate, though some of them might be further developed toward wit and affectionate revivals of other days in the theater, when settings might be ordered by number and the scene painter—not the designer—was a brighter lord than he is today. In "Congai"—that melancholy event in which Miss Helen Menken now enacts so unconvincing a Eurasian child of sin—Mr. Throckmorton has done for one scene at least—that of the general's house with its stair—one of

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the best settings of the season. In "After Dark" there are several happy instances, one of them, that of Old Tom's home under the viaduct, rising to real beauty. The dock scene where the heroine is to throw herself into the river is almost as good; and the design for the railway tunnel with the train approaching is capitally managed.

Theatrically, so far as the acting and directing go, the occasion is at least fair. It has in general no little of the quality that Mr. Christopher Morley's readers love in his writing; and presents passages of delicate guying and fantasy, as well as neat transitions in temper, that get their desired effects. The acting is only so-so. There is too much chewing up of words and swallowed diction like that of Mr. Gordon Hurd as Chandos Bellingham, the villain, who practically eats his words as he goes. And there is much too much bad projection in the players' delivery of their lines. Whatever else the old players did—so long as we are going in for other days—they spoke out, their words bore bravely out over the footlights, as Old Tom's now do in the hands of Mr. Arthur Morris. There is one excellent performance, however, in "After Dark," and that luckily falls to the heroine. Miss Marcia Hanan as the virtuous Eliza, who is so confused as to her domestic status, plays beautifully, with a lovely movement and posture, and with wit and yet at the same time with the right respect for the genuine values of pathos and reality that are now and again present in her scenes. Mr. Lawrence Bolton, on the other hand, as the chairman who directs the music hall—a good scene as they do it at the Old Rialto—and sings several numbers, lessens his contribution to the evening by singing too much as if he liked his performance himself; the songs could be given their due weight, *bona fide* enough, and yet convey the subtleties of witty comment, the actor's own perspective in sum.

The main defect at the Old Rialto, the only serious one besides the acting—which, to repeat, is not itself good enough as technical acting to handle competently what it smiles at—is the audience. As everyone has heard, and as has been done from time to time, and especially so since the days of "Fashion" at the Provincetown Playhouse, the audience for Mr. Morley's production cheers, boos and squeaks, kicks the floor and catcalls as the performance goes forward. I myself, partly because I am apt to see the stage technically, do not find many of the tricks—the hokum as they say in the theater—in these old plays any more obvious than the hokum new-style in our latter-day pieces, the various contrivances by which the excitation of the audience is secured. Both are obvious, both legitimate theater, and both capable of depth and freshness wherever there is talent behind them. There is, for example, no more obviousness in the heroine's vowing to be true at just the right stage moment than in her saying God damn—etc., etc. But even if all these passages and moments are now so lively in our fancy and so visibly childish, that participation of the Old Rialto audience soon grows silly and tedious. And for this reason: these boos, groans, cries and other participations in the stage event were once natural crowd manifestations. They existed heartily and with their right glamor and snap. Then in time they passed: other days, other loves, *l'amore dei altri tempi.* Then they were revived among the sophisticated, and enjoyed for their reminiscence and whimsy. But this business, so rampant at the Old Rialto, speedily grows tiresome in amount precisely because it is possessed from the sophisticated by the crowd and has no genuine basis at all—a tendency so characteristic of our town just now, so vulgar, so obvious, so wholesale and so transient.

About this Hoboken production there is one reminder that has its promise and its pathos. It is heartening to observe how the seeds of things survive, and how the color and shine of them may scatter far out like the beams of Nerissa's candle. The direct parent of this production of "After Dark" is that of "Fashion" at the Provincetown Playhouse five years ago; and the parent of that production was Mr. Robert Edmond Jones—one sees his hand even in the shades of the wall lights in the Old Rialto.

Just what "Fashion" had—besides the amount of acting force its company provided—that this production in Mr. Morley's theater so often lacks is something that cannot be imitated. The thing behind "Fashion" was one of those things that proceed from deeper and richer matters as echoes of their poignancy and color, as the sheer by-play of a richer manufacture, as the gay asides of a more fertile, living dialogue. It proceeded from genius and from study and elaboration done *con amore* and over a long period of time. This new venture, delightful as it often is and by all odds one of the best evenings in the season's theater, helps us to appreciate what was done in "Fashion." We recognize better now the resonance of the overtones in its restatement of a theatrical work otherwise almost dead for us; the wit of the drawing in the characters and in the settings, the droll poetry of its reminiscence; and how it had so oddly the quality of a wedding, the festival above grave import, the vicarious sentiment and romance, the titter and envy, the flowery illusion.

STARK YOUNG.

A Flute Has Memories on the Terrace of Phoenixes

By a Poetess of the Sung Dynasty
Translated by Witter Bynner and Nieh Shih-chang

The incense has grown cold in its golden jar. . . .
When I throw off my coverlet like a red wave,
I arise too tired to arrange my hair
Or to disturb the dust on my toilet-table.
O sunlight on the hinge of my bamboo screen,
This pain of being away from him, this ache of separation!—
The circles under my eyes
Are not from wine
Nor from autumn,
But because of his leaving me.
A thousand songs of the Yang Gate could not bring him back to me—
He has vanished as far as the man from Wu-ling. . . .
The Ch'in Pavilion is locked now in mist,
There is nothing before me but this blue water
Which knows how I have sat for days with fixed eyes. . . .
This place of fixed eyes
Has added unto itself another sorrow.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Injunction in Wisconsin

SIR: We wish to thank The New Republic for the excellent article by Mr. Lyle Cooper entitled "The Injunction Comes to Wisconsin." The description and analysis of the legal phases of this situation as it refers to the Kenosha and Milwaukee strikes seem to us accurate and fair in every respect. It is interesting, therefore, and rather significant, that at the same time Mr. Cooper should have misunderstood the facts and the economic implications of the "two-machine system"—which the Allen-A Company now insists is the basis for the controversy with its locked-out workers.

Various circumstances, surrounding the attempted introduction of the "two-machine system" in the Allen-A mill just prior to the lock-out, convinced the workers involved that the company was using the change in operating method as a pretext for a fight with the union. Information reaching us since the lock-out, and inferences drawn by union representatives in conferences with the Allen-A Company officials during the past year (called in an effort to mediate or arbitrate the dispute), have deeply impressed all these individuals with the thought that the "two-machine system" was, and is, being used merely as a camouflage for a brutal and fanatical determination to exterminate the union—at least as far as Kenosha is concerned.

There is absolutely no question of the restriction of production involved in the rights or wrongs of this system. As a matter of fact, a mill such as the Allen-A in Kenosha would have lost production—at least for a time—by the general adoption of this method of operation. The full-fashioned hosiery industry is a piece-rate industry, and the union urges maximum production upon its members. Mr. Cooper is correct in intimating that the fundamental objection to this system is that it must increase unemployment.

The union has had ample experience with this system both in the early days of the industry and in recent years, and can prove the facts it asserts in objection to the system. Not only does the "two-machine system" menace the knitters' standards, but it means that a substantial proportion of the helpers will be going into a "blind alley" occupation. The "two-machine" or "double-job" system is nothing else but a device to reduce wages by the simple method of throwing one man out of employment and paying temporarily (usually) 15 to 25 percent additional to the remaining man to do, in addition to his own, the work of the one discharged. Later, of course, this price is cut and within a short period the employer has reduced wages 50 percent by "playing off" one worker against the other in the age-old manner.

The "two-machine system" is being urged upon the full-fashioned industry by the Textile Machine Works of Reading, Pa., which makes most of the full-fashioned knitting machines used in this country. There is no secret in the fact that one of the strongest motives back of the advocacy of this plan by the manufacturers of this machinery is that it shortens the life of the machine. The union contends that there are, in addition to the fundamental objection regarding the creation of an oversupply of labor, many immediate practical objections to the introduction of the "two-machine system." The very most that the manufacturers could save by installing the "two-machine system" would probably be about three cents on the average pair of stockings, and the union has shown that in many cases the employer does not make even this saving, because of the greater percentage of waste with this system and the higher overhead caused by the need for a larger supervisory force. The American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers has studied the economic principles involved in this problem, and has received the advice of the most capable experts in the country in developing its policies in regard to this question and others now facing the full-fashioned hosiery industry.

The locked-out Allen-A Workers and the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers have urged that the whole controversy in Kenosha be settled by arbitration. The union believes quite firmly that if a comprehensive, expert and impartial study of the questions involved in the introduction of the "two-machine system" were made either in Kenosha or elsewhere, that its objection to this system would be amply sustained.

JOHN W. EDELMAN,
Research Director, the American Federation of Full-Fashioned Hosiery Workers.

Philadelphia, Pa.

SIR: I am not disposed to differ essentially with Mr. Edelman. Any reader who cares to refer to my article will find that I even went so far as to imply that "restriction of output" under some conditions is justifiable. Certainly, the student of economics will hesitate to condemn unreservedly some of the restrictions which unions practise on occasion, in the face of much more widespread limitations on production which are indulged in habitually by management. Possibly, organized labor's anxiety to convince the public that it does not stand in the way of technical improvements is carried to the point of not quite making clear the union position. This position I interpret to be: additional machinery and other changes in technology should be introduced only under such conditions as will protect, and, if possible, promote the workers' standards of living. Implicit in this view is the assumption that the standard of living needs protection from the standpoint of the producer, and that, on the contrary, it is a mistake to assume that increases in production will automatically be reflected in benefits to the worker as a consumer. If this is the union position and if occasionally it does involve temporary restrictions, then I am inclined to think those people who are primarily concerned with maximizing human welfare—rather than with obtaining, at any social cost, the largest possible physical production of goods—will not only not condemn, but will approve a restrictive policy.

The writer frankly does not know whether the knitters' opposition to the "two-machine system" results in limitation of production. The data presented by Mr. Edelman appear to demonstrate that it does not. Especially is this indicated by the fact that large unionized hosiery companies, operating on the basis of one machine for each knitter, are able to prosper in competition with their open-shop rivals. But, in all fairness, I believe it will be conceded that one needs to know whatever facts are in the possession of the Allen-A Company. Information from both sides should be submitted to an impartial arbitrator who is temperamentally and technically equipped to sift the evidence in regard to costs, selling prices, demand and competition—all of these being matters about which the most complete knowledge is required—before passing judgment on a complicated issue of this kind. The company's position that there is nothing to arbitrate will hardly be supported by those who view the introduction of machinery as a vital matter to the hosiery workers as well as to their employers.

Milwaukee, Wis. LYLE W. COOPER.

Seattle

SIR: It is a wonder to me how a magazine usually so well advised as The New Republic would allow a resident of Florida to put over on it the article entitled "Seattle," which you recently published. True, he is a "former resident of Seattle," but he seems quite unfamiliar with the city.

I did not know, for instance, that the First Presbyterian Church is on Capitol Hill. The Rev. Mr. Hawkins, assigned by Mr. Bain to the Pilgrim Church, never was pastor of that church, and has been gone from the city just about as long as has Mr. Bain. Of course, little inaccuracies like these are immaterial, except to indicate the writer's lack of knowledge of the city about which he pretends to have knowledge.

A little worse is his adding a million dollars to the price of the street railway system. Heaven knows we paid enough for it; why worsen it? He might have added, however, that in the past seven years we have paid nearly six million dollars of the purchase price.

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Perhaps he meant to sugar-coat the pill he was administering by adding over five hundred feet to Mt. Rainier, but did he mean to flatter us by adding four miles to the Great Northern tunnel? He might have learned from the World Almanac that he was adding seven inches to our annual rainfall. But rain should not worry Mr. Bain, now residing in a city having a rainfall of nearly sixty-five inches as against Seattle's thirty-three. Nor should The New Republic think us overwet, seeing that our annual precipitation is only about 75 percent that of New York. How it can rain every day for nine months in the year and spill only thirty-three inches needs explanation. At this rate there would not be days enough in the year to cover Miami's rainfall.

Seattle has no hinterland, says Mr. Bain. He might have mentioned Seattle's Port District, with its great elevators bulging with grain, not only from eastern Washington, but from as far east as Montana. As for that freight differential, Mr. Bain is again mixed in his facts. Seattle has just been waging a determined fight before the Interstate Commerce Commission to abolish a differential in favor of Portland.

Where are those power sites, bought and not used? We are now developing the great Skagit project, which will furnish ultimately more than a half-million horse-power of energy, and the site did not cost us a cent. The author might well have mentioned that Seattle's light-and-power system has not cost the people a cent, everything being paid from revenues, and still furnishing home owners with light for less than half the average rate for the United States.

But most vicious of all is the writer's statement that Seattle is almost insolvent. That, Mr. Editor, is just plain libel, and The New Republic should not have been a party to it. Seattle's bonds are eagerly sought by investors.

Much more might be said, but it would make this letter too long, which perhaps it is already. Mr. Bain evidently had some purpose which he sought to conceal by throwing us a few bouquets. I think The New Republic ought to repudiate this article of Mr. Bain's. It would be interesting to your readers if just the plain facts, without embellishment, were told.

Seattle, Wash. W. D. LANE.

SIR: As in most controversies of this sort, the points are trivial, not material. I freely admit assigning Dr. Hawkins to Pilgrim rather than to Plymouth Church, placing the Fundamentalist Shrine on the brow rather than the slope of Capitol Hill, adding inches to rainfall (35.7, not "about 40"), feet to Rainier (14,408, or is it 9?), miles to tunnels (I was told twelve), mistaking "Derby Dan's" brogue, etc. Some of these statements were entirely rhetorical and some were from the depths of my utter and unutterable ignorance.

While he admits that most of his objections are trivial, Mr. Lane really has something to say. My argument is not that Seattle has *no* hinterland, but that its natural hinterland is limited and that this will tell against it (comparatively) as time goes on. The central offices of some large companies may remain in Seattle even though their shipping and manufacturing follow the Columbia. Perishable products from east of the mountains may go to Seattle if they are to be shipped by water, but most of them will go east by train; bulky, slow-moving products will tend to follow the water grade.

I do not know how the Skagit site was obtained, although I heard an interesting story about it. In any case, an enormous sum must be spent before it can deliver power. I am a firm believer in municipal (and other public) light, power and traction. May Seattle confound all critics of such enterprises!

Just what an "almost insolvent" city is, I do not know, but I was told by a local expert in municipal government that Seattle was in this condition in 1927. "Financial Statistics of Cities, 1926" gives Seattle's debt as $79,000,000 as against an assessed valuation of about $270,000,000. This gives a per-capita debt of about $225. These figures are considerably larger than those for most cities in this class. Instead of "almost insolvent," one should probably say "in bad financial condition."

I doubt if anyone knows, or ever will know, what was the actual cost of the street railway, what it was really worth, or why it was bought. I think there are some interesting facts about that transaction which will never be known. All Seattle can do now is to make the best of a bad bargain, and I am sure she will. She has had lots of "bad breaks" but she has never lost her spirit.

Your correspondent is somewhat personal and truculent. I have avoided replying in kind, though it would have been easy. I like Seattle and have many good friends there. No one stole my purse nor filched from me my good name. Some day I shall return, under cover of darkness if necessary, and rise to watch the sunlight glorify the crest of Mt. Rainier, change the Sound to silver, and, turn the tall Olympics into rosy pearl.

Oxford, O. READ BAIN.

Mr. Woll as a Communist-Catcher

SIR: In a letter to Mr. Daniel Chase, of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood, under date of January 25, Mr. Matthew Woll denies that he stated in his speech at New Orleans that I was a Communist, or that I was "engaged in Communist propaganda for the purpose of planting the germs of Communism in Eastern educational institutions." He also says: "I did not imply at New Orleans either that Professor Dewey professed Communism in any shape nor that he was knowingly connected with any Communist organization."

The official stenographic report of the proceedings of the seventh day's session of the New Orleans Convention contains, on page 315, the following in its report of Mr. Woll's speech. Referring to me he is quoted as calling me "a propagandist . . . for Communist interests." It also quotes him as saying: "Is he not the one who a few years ago went to New York City for the purpose of planting the germ of Communism in our educational institutions?" The report of the industrial relations department of the National Association of Manufacturers, page 28, reports that Mr. Woll "denounced Dewey as a propagandist for Communist interests."

I should not think of troubling you with what might seem to be a personal matter. But in view of Mr. Woll's attack on Brookwood as a Communist institution, the contrast between Mr. Woll's denials and the official report gives a measure of the confidence to be placed in his statements, which is of public interest.

New York City. JOHN DEWEY.

Industry and Old Age

SIR: Mr. Epstein recently indicated several flaws in the present economic situation. There are others. Despite the leniency with which many persons are disposed to view the growth of industrial efficiency by means of mergers and consolidations, an inhumanity attaches which overshadows certain temporary advantages.

Shelving elderly men is a symptom. Results are calculated in financial rather than in human terms. Several hundred thousands of extra people latterly employed by hotels and amusement enterprises and in driving motors do absorb some of those thrown out of work by consolidations and mergers. There are, however, drawbacks to the substitution. Employment of this character is impermanent and affords neither opportunity for advancement nor security for old age, compared to regular industrial jobs. While no statistics are available in support of the contention, it is certain that there are increasingly large numbers of elderly men deprived of the means of making a living in order to give a higher interest to investors.

The evolution of society is what men make it. The drift is now unmistakably towards the money-making individual—crushing monster. If we are to countenance the drift, we should do so with open eyes, and not with the delusion that we are liberalizing human living. What is it all about? For what purpose do we do business? Are we in business to furnish mansions for the few, or as a means of providing a living for the many?

Philadelphia, Pa. WALTER SONNEBERG.

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"Singing Jailbirds"

SIR: I note in your issue of February 20 Mr. Stark Young's elaborate article about a Russian ballet in Paris, which cost 8,000,000 francs, and was very gorgeous and glorious art. . . . Mr. Young laments the fact that nobody is willing to lose money upon producing art in New York. This is very interesting as revealing the standards, both of art and morals, held by your dramatic critic. When . . . 8,000,000 francs [are spent] in Paris, that is art; but when a group of sincere and devoted young radicals in New York spend 250,000 francs upon their faith, your dramatic critic does not consider it worth while to give them one line. I am referring, of course, to the production of "Singing Jailbirds" by the New Playwrights Theater. If your complete neglect of this production, and your praise of the one in Paris, does not spell corruption, then moral standards are non-existent, and words are without meaning. Retire into your chamber and pray.

Long Beach, Calif. UPTON SINCLAIR.

[1. Mr. Sinclair is the author of "Singing Jailbirds."

2. We have omitted from his letter a few words which were libellous in character.

3. Mr. Young writes in comment as follows: "If Mr. Sinclair will look over the files of The New Republic he will find that I have given his 'sincere and devoted young radicals' a good many lines in the past; my corrupt orthography is a late development.

"As for my article, the point was that in this Paris venture there was no plan to make your money back if possible—certainly a healthy and sensible intention in the theater, or in any art—but that a celebration was made as a prince gives a festival—or as princes once gave festivals—and in this land of ours, where there is such princely wealth, this last luxurious spending in art still troubles us with its abandon.

"We all know that money is spent on theatrical productions, in one faith or another, by young and old—that Mr. Belasco, for example, took a lavish risk with 'Mima' and that the New Playwrights could have had no fat prosperity guaranteed to them."—THE EDITORS.]

Modern Critics and Women Artists

SIR: Many of us who read The New Republic and the other critical journals in an effort to get, as far as we can in this country, penetrating and judicial views of both people and problems, think ourselves at times grossly misused. In the women's journals and the confession magazines, we expect crass overstatement and ultra-personal sentimentality; by not reading such publications we feel we should be able to protect ourselves from the more grievous forms of emotionalism. But we are disappointed. Constantly we are being told by the modern intellectuals that this is a peculiarly honest and clear-sighted generation which abhors the sentimentality and glozing-over supposed to be characteristic of recent eras; constantly we are being shown some hero from the past stripped of his trappings, and we are apparently expected to applaud the despoiler's courage and penetration. But with almost equal frequency we encounter in all of your columns estimates and "appreciations" of contemporary artists (especially of those who have recently died) that are so extravagant both in form and in substance as to strike an unbiased reader as fairly maudlin. This is particularly true in the case of women artists—actresses, dancers or poets—and seems a form of sentimentality much out of tune with the vaunted fair and unprejudiced modern attitude toward women. Their "femaleness" is stressed *ad nauseam,* and their "frailties" idealized in a manner that takes one back many generations to a period of artificial and rhapsodic romance.

It is quite possible to understand these attitudes toward individuals; but they seem adapted to expression in personal letters or, if publicity is *inevitable,* in the frankly surcharged medium of poetry. We accept easily enough gross overstatement in flippant or satirical writing; it is in place. But from deadly serious overstatement one gets merely an oppressive sense of too much syrup on the waffles.

While many examples of this cloying technique could be given from recent issues of all critical journals, even your own, perhaps a single classic specimen will illustrate the quality of all. A peculiarly lush study of Isadora Duncan closes with the words, "But the truth is, Isadora Duncan did not like the dance. As created by humble human beings it bored her, because in her beat the rhythms of the gods." In anything but a critical journal such extravagant and opinionated writing would be "slush." One hates to think of what the young moderns would do to any writer of older vintage who should venture to treat Jane Austen or Mrs. Browning in that perfervid fashion!

Why do all of you who purport to cater to intelligent Americans fall into this overwrought manner? That a critical journal *can* be both discriminating and appreciative without becoming hysterical many of the foreign publications prove. In your particular case, is it possible that the implication of your subtitle as a journal is based on this definition of opinion—"a conclusion or view resting on inadequate reasons, or on sentiment rather than reason"? That was not our original conception of your purpose.

RUTH F. MOORE.

Nashville, Tenn.

American Punishment in War-Time

SIR: Is it pertinent to ask through your columns the following question of President Herbert Hoover?

Would you, Mr. President, a descendant of Quakers, allow as punishment, in a war during your administration, the placing of religious or secular objectors to war in "coffin-like cages," measuring twelve by twenty-three inches, and having inserted within an adjustment board to insure a "tight fit?" I, as a political, not a religious, objector to the World War was so placed in an iron cage at the United States Disciplinary Barracks, Pacific Branch, at Alcatraz Island, San Francisco.

The Boston Herald, in a recent editorial on "Prison Cruelties," asks: "Can it be true that human beings [political offenders] in European countries were confined in coffin-like cages?" This editorial was based on a statement printed in The Manchester Guardian in regard to the treatment of prisoners in certain countries of Europe. I was curious to know whether the "Iron Maiden," in which I was confined at Alcatraz during the war "to make the world safe for 'democracy'" was still in existence. I asked Miriam Allen DeFord, who lives in San Francisco, to go to the Island and find out. She sent someone else to the military prison, and reported to me, under date of November 28, 1928, as follows:

> The person who went to Alcatraz on my request was unable to get any direct information, but was promised an official reply from headquarters. This has just arrived, signed by Lutz Wahl, Adjutant-General in Washington. He states that the cage, which he calls "an arrangement of a double cell door," was discontinued shortly after 1920, not because the punishment was believed to be severe, but rather because of the undue attention attracted to it by misrepresentation as to its severity.

It seemed queer to me that in order to find out about cages on an island off California, one had to write to Washington. I therefore asked Miss Alice Park, of Palo Alto, to investigate. I received this reply from her a few days ago:

> Austin Lewis, a lawyer for radicals, who knows all our California prisons, and who visits the prisons from time to time, says: "The cages that were constructed and used as a punishment for prisoners at Alcatraz Island in 1920 are in place as before, though they have not been used of late."

The iron cages were constructed and used under the regime of a "liberal" President, and an ex-pacifist Secretary of War.

I ask again, Mr. President, will political or religious objectors to the next war be punished in "coffin-like" cages?

Roxbury, Mass. PHILIP B. BROSSER.

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A Study of the Child in America

The Child in America, by W. I. Thomas and Dorothy S. Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 601 pages. $7.50.

SURELY this is the children's age. The child-welfare movement in America has, during the past ten years, assumed the proportions of one of the significant trends in American history. With a scientific literature numbering at least one thousand books and articles annually and with a popular literature of twice that amount, with hundreds of organizations, programs, plans, schemes and procedures, with an army of workers and lecturers, with millions of dollars spent annually on relief and research, to say nothing of the time, energy and money of the public schools spent on education that is not strictly of the three R's, it seems wise and fitting that an effort be made to take stock of the situation and appraise the results. Unlike many other popular movements, this one represents a strange mixture of science and sentiment, of fact and fancy all mixed up together and in such a way that only by the most careful scrutiny can the wheat be separated from the chaff.

This volume is of the nature of a source book, more than half the pages being direct quotations. The authors have made an heroic attempt to stick to the facts. Their data have been culled mainly from the scientific literature (or at least that published in the scientific journals), but partly from direct observation of the operation of various programs and institutions. Conclusions are carefully stated and the approval or disapproval of this or that institution or method is used somewhat sparingly. The chapters are classified into three divisions: the first presenting varieties of maladjustment, the second, practical programs of prevention and relief, and the third, methods of approach to the study of the problem.

The major premise of the volume is that the problems of maladjustment arise for the most part out of the conflict between the "impulse behavior" of the child and the "inhibited behavior" of the adults. Adults who have become conditioned by and sensitized to conventional moral norms, and are therefore considered as adjusted, are likely to regard all behavior of children that deviates from these norms as "naughty," "disorderly," and "incorrigible." All behavior problems are essentially deviates from the norm, and when the norm itself is changing, as it now is, the situation becomes complicated and is viewed with alarm. All programs for the prevention and cure of social failures and all research projects are aimed ultimately at the control of the conduct of children. The practical programs proceed, for the most part, on traditional methods of control, whereas the scientific projects seek first to predict and then gain control.

The facts collected by the authors clearly indicate that the traditional methods of social control are inadequate to cope with the problems of social failure. No method has yet been devised for the prevention or treatment of juvenile delinquency that yields consistently successful results. All programs that depend on changing the external environment are sure to meet with very limited success, owing to the fact that when the delinquent returns to his old environment the old habits are quickly reëstablished. Methods of incarceration are not only unsuccessful, but pernicious, because the delinquent comes in contact with other delinquents and more devilment is planned. The method of placing them in foster homes has met with limited success, but has its peculiar difficulties. The authors doubt if the method employed by Judge Hoffman of Cincinnati of returning the delinquent to his home on probation has all the values that have been claimed for it.

The newer and ostensibly more scientific methods of social control come in for their share of rigorous scrutiny. The psychiatric child-guidance clinics have not, the authors think, panned out as well as it was hoped they might. "Treatment plans which deal with behavior by working from the psychic processes outward must always face a certain indefiniteness." "There is evidence that dwelling on disturbing mental conflicts is favorable to their continuance. . . . " And again, "Certainly the psychiatric approach, in its present form, is far from being the panacea that its more ardent and less objective advocates have claimed."

Closely affiliated with the psychiatric approach is the psychometric, which assumes a close correlation between native intelligence and conduct, especially delinquency, with the resulting hypothesis that, if the mentally deficient are spotted and segregated, the social problem of delinquency will be in a large measure solved. Both the assumption and the hypothesis are attacked by the authors. They cite most of the available evidence to show that intelligence tests reveal something more than pure native intelligence; and they also marshal quite an impressive array of data showing that the correlation between mental deficiency and normal delinquency is by no means as close as it has been claimed to be. Many feeble-minded persons are taking their places in society as satisfactory citizens. And, furthermore, the incidence of mental deficiency among social offenders is not as high as the early returns from prisons and reformatories indicated.

Among some of the other scientific programs reviewed are the approaches of personality-testing methods, of mental hygiene, of psychoanalysis, of bio-chemistry, of morphology and finally of sociology. The chapter on sociology embraces a review of the work on conditioned reflexes and a résumé of the researches of the child-welfare institutes. Toward the work conducted by these institutes the authors are not less critical, but more sympathetic, as may be judged by the space allotted to them and by the fact that they bestow upon them their blessing.

The grand finale of this book is an ardent appeal for what they call the "situational" approach. This approach consists, first of all, in finding out what children actually do in certain well defined situations without attempting to ascertain in the first instant "why" they do it. This is the method of the physical sciences. The data should be concise and for the most part quantitative statements of what happened in very definite situations. "Through studies of this sort we learn *how* people behave and from them we can then infer *why* people behave as they do."

When we learn how they behave in specific situations, we can then also predict behavior, within limits, in those situations. When this happy day of scientific prediction arrives, we will then be in possession of the most powerful scientific instrument of control; we will then be able to clear up obscure etiology and to evaluate current practical programs and build new ones on safe foundations.

MARK A. MAY.

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The History and Meaning of the Kellogg Pact

War as an Instrument of National Policy and Its Renunciation in the Pact of Paris, by James T. Shotwell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 310 pages. $3.50.

IT IS still uncertain whether the Kellogg pact will so stimulate the moral sentiments of mankind as at once to furnish an effective guarantee against war and to further such constructive steps towards peace as disarmament and international arbitration, or will become merely another of those grandiose and empty gestures which dissipate under the strain of international conflicts of interest. No one can rise, however, from a reading of Professor Shotwell's illuminating analysis of its negotiation and meaning without realizing that its progress thus far has been primarily the result of the enthusiasm which its implicit slogan of outlawing war has evoked from the great masses of the people. From the time of its enunciation by Salmon Levinson to its proposal by Briand in April, 1927, it proved to be remarkably effective in stirring both the conscience and the imagination of the Middle West, although this was at times linked up with an unnecessary distrust of the League of Nations. While our State Department hesitated during the summer and autumn of 1927, public opinion throughout the country was rapidly crystallizing behind the principle of outlawry, and when Mr. Kellogg launched his masterly series of notes expanding Briand's bilateral proposal into a multilateral renunciation of war, the response abroad was almost equally marked. The force of public opinion was so strong that the apparent efforts of the French government to sabotage the pact during the winter of 1928, by insisting that her treaty obligations be exempted and that unanimity of approval by the nations be a prerequisite for even partial adoption, were fruitless. One can, indeed, only admire the skill and pertinacity of our State Department in resolutely pushing the issue and ultimately resolving all objections. Thus Kellogg, by pointing out that the violation of the outlawry pact by one nation automatically freed the other nations from their obligations, effectively reassured France. In a similar fashion, he parried the plea of treaty obligations by pointing out that the Covenant of the League imposed no requirement upon a member to resort to war, even to enforce a League decision, and that presumably the separate French treaties with Poland and other states carried with them no provision inconsistent with that right of self-defense which was admitted.

The United States has been criticized for not attempting to define self-defense and aggression, but in view of the difficulty of securing an agreement upon this very tangled question, Kellogg's decision to leave it out of the pact seems to have been wise strategy. Similarly Kellogg was very astute in refusing to be tempted to reserve the Monroe Doctrine by Chamberlain's bland intimation that, since Great Britain's refusal to renounce war in "certain regions" was identical with "comparable interests" of the United States, both interests should be explicitly reserved. Perhaps the most clever move of all was the well bred silence with which our State Department treated the "certain regions" claim and our consequent success in keeping it out of the pact. Incidentally, Professor Shotwell, in his justifiable anxiety to promote good will between the United States and England, somewhat overstretches his case by arguing that the "certain regions" are limited to Egypt and the Suez Canal, and by implicitly defending British policy. Chamberlain and Sir Cecil Hurst undoubtedly wanted to give Great Britain more territory than merely Egypt in which to operate freely. British domination over that country, the Suez Canal, and Asia Minor can indeed only be justified by one who also believes in the divine right of British imperialism to dominate native peoples and to hold in subjection not only these countries, but India, the Straits Settlements, and the treaty ports of China as well.

The hope of the Kellogg pact lies, therefore, not in any affirmative machinery which it creates, nor in any technical problems which it solves, but rather in the rallying standard which such a mutual pledge affords for the peace-loving forces of all countries. It was public opinion which made the pact possible. The greater security which such a pact ensures, together with its making peace respectable, should still further strengthen public opinion in pushing on to effect disarmament, to adjust the rules of trade at sea in war-time, to secure a judicial settlement of international disputes, and to take all those other steps which are necessary if we are to lessen the dangers of war and to organize the world for peace. America is fortunate indeed in having such an indefatigable and intelligent worker for peace as Professor Shotwell, who, in this volume, adds still further to the obligations which we all owe him.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS.

Moussorgsky

Moussorgsky, by Oskar von Riesemann. Translated from the German by Paul England. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 412 pages. $5.

THE almost insuppressible urge to fathom, and, in his own idiom, to interpret the nature of the soil about him, and the spirit and pathos of the people it nurtured, is the element which, in its accuracy and intensity, characterizes Moussorgsky as the greatest of the Russian composers, and one of the titans of art. Such, in brief, is the tonic note of Mr. von Riesemann's work.

Moussorgsky, he implies, was the resultant of the force of two elements: the Slav temperament, which is prone to rely on personal inspiration and natural technical brilliance, rather than on painstaking, academic application; and conflict with the *Zeitgeist* in an age which fostered things tinseled and romantic, an age which neither saw nor wished to see beauty in things extant, and which fashioned its art according to arbitrary canons. His whole work emanated from his fundamental belief that nothing that is natural can be either wrong or inartistic. "Moussorgsky himself," says Mr. von Riesemann, "never spoke of his art as either realistic or naturalistic; he was no friend to scientific categories and definitions, or, indeed to esthetic labels of any sort—he saw quite plainly his artistic goal and he knew exactly what he wanted."

The *Zeitgeist* etched its design on his character. He has to be understood in the terms of his period, in terms of the "go to the people" movement of the sixties, in terms of the *literati* of the day, who, as a counterpart to the current romanticism, swung to the peasantry. Assuming that the people had to be loved, they depicted them as lovable, and embellished what Gogol had laid down as the hall-

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mark of the Russian people—their intense pity, their sympathy and love for all the jetsam of fortune: the fallen and outcast, drunkards, murderers, idiots, prostitutes, and the usual precipitates of the buffeted minority.

Moussorgsky became, in his own sphere, a force corresponding to that of Gogol and Dostoyevsky, transliterating their genre, almost note for note, into the *patois* of his own art. His music, rooted with every tendril in his own peculiar personality, reflected his bitter hatred of insincerity and counterfeits in character, of shams and untruths of any sort, and his love for children, the humble and lowly. It reflected his understanding, despite his atheism, of the religion and superstitions of the masses, his understanding of the people's delusions, hysteria, and grotesqueries, and of the strange beauty that often lies in things dark and perverse.

In tracing the tragic aspects of the composer's life, the early death of his mother and of his first love, his financial collapse, his years of drudgery as a government clerk, his alcoholism, the desertion of his friends, the rejection of his music, his loneliness and premature end, Mr. von Riesemann has created an epic—in the modern German historical sense. This is not a passing biography, but the summary of the art-philosophy of a revolutionary era, tracing the rise and fall of a rugged genius in terms of the forces of society, and giving evidence of that criticism of life called perspective.

ROBERT W. MARKS.

Fabulous New Orleans

Fabulous New Orleans, by Lyle Saxon. Illustrated by E. H. Suydam. New York: The Century Company. 330 pages. $3.

HEREAFTER he who goes to New Orleans (for a day or for a season) with a copy of Mr. Saxon's book will go equipped to get the full returns from his investment. If it be for a day, he has but to read Chapter Twenty-eight, a concise guide to the Vieux Carré. With it in hand or in mind, he will waste no steps. He will see all there is to be seen on the surface, and will be back at the St. Charles or the Roosevelt in time for a leisurely Creole dinner.

Though the book is almost continuously exciting, the material is not particularly well put together. It is disjointed, in spots repetitious, as though each part were written without thought of the whole. A series of short chapters trail along like after-thoughts following the one on the new New Orleans—a structural fault entirely, for no analysis of the character of this foreign-born American city would be authoritative without the Chapel of St. Roch, the French Opera House, Saints in the Classified Columns, modern Voodoo. When Mr. Saxon closed his account of Marie Laveau, I feared he had closed the subject of Voodoo, too, and was relieved to find, near the close of the book, that remarkable account of his own participation in an evening's orgies. For those tales, however thrilling, which cling about the Haunted House, the Quadroon Ball, the Duelling Oaks and Gallatin Street are tales of the past, and Voodoo rites are living parts of the living city—though it takes a man of Mr. Saxon's spirit to ferret them out.

The secret of the pervading charm of the book lies, I think, in the approach Mr. Saxon has taken, summed up in the contrast he draws in Chapter Twenty-five. "They Say It Was Like This" and "Perhaps It Was Like This—." Throughout, he has managed to blend the cold facts of history—if there be anything about New Orleans which can be thus described—with the warmth of romantic incident, presenting those facts with the reporter's brevity, and etching in the beauty with a romancer's lingering touch.

For one who knows New Orleans, the book, with Mr. Suydam's illustrations, is invaluable. For one who doesn't, it means a visit to the Fabulous City.

WORTH TUTTLE.

Two Satirists

Peeps at Parnassus, by Olga Katzin. New York: Coward-McCann. 163 pages. $2.

The Great Enlightenment, with Other Selected Verses, by Lee Wilson Dodd. New York: Harper and Brothers. 250 pages. $2.

SATIRE has usually flourished in an age in which the self-satisfaction of the majority has steadily irritated the sensibilities of the few: if this generalization has any validity our age should be an age of satire. The difficulty is, however, that to be effective, satire should be personal, and hence is most successful when produced in a community the size of the Athens of Aristophanes or the London of Pope, where general tendencies can be epitomized and stabbed in the persons of those whom everyone knows. Only rarely can the satirist rise above the personal limitation, and, like Swift, lasso the whole human race, and bring it in humility to the ground. Too often (the fact is exemplified by Mr. Mencken), has generalized satire become little more than railing, and the art lost its peculiar quality by using, not an intellectual rapier, but a blind and angry sledge-hammer.

The two satirists at present under consideration seem to have recognized the proper function of their art by limiting themselves to a narrower range; Miss Katzin has confined herself to a history of literature, Mr. Dodd has attacked contemporary philosophers. Of the two, Miss Katzin has had the greater success; her book is really delightful, she has sharpened her barbs with great effect, and nearly all the figures of English literature, from Beowulf to the Sitwells, have been punctured by them. She is particularly good on the eighteenth century:

> The nice Age with the nasty mind . . .
> Whose Progress down the Primrose Path
> Inevitably leads to Bath;

she is effective on Southey and Byron, and she is very witty about her contemporaries:

> Where piebald Chaos eructates
> Duet of the United States—
> The prickly Mr. Pound, a rash
> Of recondite ribalderdash . . .
> And Eliot, serving putrid forage
> From intellectual cold storage . . .

Indeed, her whole book, with the exception of one or two places where her vivacity, as was to be expected, slows up, is a pleasure to read, and to anyone who has had much to do with textbook histories of English literature, it is a godsend.

Mr. Dodd, though he is lively, and can get off a good wisecrack now and then—as this, on the Baptist of Behaviorism:

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No, Watson solves all mysteries with ease,
And in the face of God's infinities
Finds Life a reflex sniffing round for Cheese,

has not quite so pointed a pen, nor has he the advantage of a chronological scheme, like the history of English literature, to give his diatribes arrangement. Indeed, the very lack of cohesion in the various parts of his subject forces him to say that he will use no arrangement at all; a decision which perhaps accurately mirrors the state of contemporary philosophy, but which leaves his satire without the plan one requires of so intellectual a form. This is the chief criticism to be made against Mr. Dodd; that he has let his matter impose its own disorder upon his work; otherwise his book is very entertaining, and has a distinctive quality to its wit, which reveals an attractive personality and a sense of values that is sound and discriminating.

It is, indeed, by the preservation (or perhaps in our case, the restoration) of a sense of values, that satire exercises its most important function. Let us hope, therefore, that these two books will not be the only ones of their kind.

THEODORE SPENCER.

A Lady Long Since Lost

The Pillow-Book of Sei Shonagon, translated by Arthur Waley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 161 pages. $2.50.

FOR so scholarly an artist, Mr. Waley is on happy terms with the *Zeitgeist*. His translated Chinese lyrics appeared when Imagism had sharpened our appetite for poetry of delicate precision; his version of Murasaki's "Tale of the Genji" delighted the more discerning part of a public set upon making the whole best-seller list exotic; and now his redaction of the pertinent one-quarter of Sei Shonagon's impertinences appears in a season of avid curiosity about all loose ladies, wherever discovered.

Shonagon was no Victoria Woodhull. Her easy morals are quite untainted with any professionalism of gain for herself or for a cause. But if the last decade of tenth-century Japan, during which she laid her pillow (or pillows) in the quarters of the Empress, provides little pabulum for the free-lover or the feminist, it can refresh the unregenerate with a lively portrait of one young lady who did as she pleased, except when thwarted by relatives and gate-keepers. Here you have the perfect amateur, the *intriguante* who lacks even the spur of nonconformity, for it was the way of her world to love capriciously, esthetically and—in a society where a published amour could destroy an emperor—clandestinely.

Here, again, you have the true aristocrat, as privileged to circumvent as she is bound to accept the canon that maintains her. *De facto* authority, even that of step-parents, Shonagon never questions, often as she rails against the inconvenience it occasions lovers. She records no scruples: scruples are for the humble. And what sense of shame she owns to awakened only when she had been less than brilliant at the accepted thing, or when self-consciousness had frustrated her "poise"—that crowning arrogance of the great. Her self-consciousness (which she was able to subdue) was almost her only intimate personalty, and it and her exigent vanity remain the only internal evidences that she possessed the artistic temperament, let alone the genius Mr. Waley mistakenly accords her.

Withal, this *fin-de-siècle* descendant of the fortieth emperor, this exquisite sophisticate in a perfumed and calligraphic civilization as islanded in time as in space, might sit for her portrait to the Master of the Green Hat. Murasaki reported her "extraordinary self-satisfaction" and that "her chief pleasure consists in shocking people." No cosmopolitan flapper could be more swankily insolent, more precocious in her sagacities and parochial in her wit, more blasé. For all of Shonagon's vivacious instancy finally distills in an aroma of ennui: her favorite ascriptions are "trying," "tedious," "very tiresome" and "bore." Certain things are "pretty," others "amusing." "Of course, what I really like is a house where there is no fuss about the front gate, and no one particularly minds whether it is *midnight or morning.*"

Obviously, a lady. And ultimately, according to legend, a lost one. Incidentally, an eavesdropper, a gossip and a heartless snob. Yet, if you do not like her, she thinks you "must be suffering from some strange form of lunacy." An indulgent empress loved her, which may mean only that an empress, no less than a lady, must be amused.

Aside from her skill at capping situations with witty allusions to the classics, Milady's literary talents ran to brief description, neatly turned anecdote and an almost Russian flair for eccentric character. Since organization was quite beyond her, the "Pillow-Book" is a composite diary, memoir and note-book. As for Mr. Waley, he was never more adroit than in this introduction. Before his voice has left off, Shonagon's has commenced, and thereafter he is the self-effacing interpreter of her conversation or a deft guide to the worth-while in the maze of her miscellany.

CLARENCE BRITTEN.

Tout Paris

Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios, by Sisley Huddleston. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 366 pages. $5.

MR. SISLEY HUDDLESTON, famous newspaper correspondent, knows nearly everything that anyone would care to know about Paris personalities. His gossip of Bohemia is sprightly and easy, sometimes witty, and he never stays long enough with any of his multifarious friends to let them get tiresome. He has written often and well of political and military figures; this is his collection of "social, artistic and literary memories." It would not be possible to understand from this book exactly why the French capital is a leader among the cities of the world in its intellectual and artistic vitality. The figures he pats on the back show their picturesqueness rather than their worth, and some great French men and women might ask with impatience, "Is this, after all, our important aspect?"

He has made a mosaic of the Paris of the *"personnages,"* native and expatriate, the Paris of the Rotonde and the Lapin Agile, the *couloir* and the pavement. He sees this landscape, from his high studio window, as "a teeming world of valor and endeavor," and he lives by the credo of a journalist, that "life is good everywhere, because of its variety, but particularly is it good when it is spent amid this Cityful of Celebrities." It is a world into which outsiders get only fascinating peeks, and since he has himself moved there for a good many years, huge, tolerant, observant and benign, he is probably the best guide possible for further explorations.

L. B.

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Fiction Notes

The Last September, by Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $2.50.

THIS is the swan-song of a governing class that never governed, that was never sure either of its loyalties or its responsibilities. But Miss Bowen is not concerned with the political implications of her theme; she conveys these charming Anglo-Irish gentry of hers in a style as calm, delicate, attenuated as their own lives. Although rebellion stalks in the land, these people continue to have guests, tennis parties, minor complications of head and heart. A heritage of indifference protects them from this as from all other realities: the effect is that of a tea-party on a volcano. Not until their beautiful manors are burned to the ground is reality admitted; and the girl Lois (whose character is made the pivot of the whole tragi-comedy of evasions) must have her lover shot down by the rebels before she is quite certain of anything. One must explain that Miss Bowen means her story to have universal application, that blind parasites of every land will discover their lineaments in her mirror. Also one must report that the book is a triumph of technical subtlety distinctly surpassing the same author's accomplishment in "The Hotel." W. T.

First Love, by Charles Morgan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AN ADOLESCENT painter goes forth to week-end at an English country house of the seventies, carrying his virginity like a shield. He will come home with it, or upon it. In the course of the book he does both. Not since "The Sheik" has there been a suspense of delayed consummation so attenuated as this young Spartan's "coming of age"—through a summer spent in painting and indecision in the household of his beloved, a precipitous flight from the threshold of his great adventure, three lean, courageous years in Paris, and on through to the ultimate accidental meeting, fulfillment and parting. Yet into this delicately sentimental novel of youthful love, written as if remembered from the vantage of age, is thrust a deal of wisdom about painters and paint. Except in its argument of the author's esthetic, the book is lushly written—beautifully, often—but with such loving artfulness that it resembles the glacé rather than the natural fruit. F. H.

The Village Doctor, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THE village beauty, Laura Blazier, throws over her farmer lover in order to marry "gentility" in the person of Dr. Philip Green, and then—on finding her prestige as the doctor's wife still bounded by the village street—recalls the discarded swain. The indigestion resulting from eating her cake and having it, too, is assumed by the doctor as his proper care, and his joy in being permitted to console his wife's distress at the lover's subsequent defection is depressing to readers who would have preferred a good "sarchin'" moral catharsis. But the lack of red blood in both of the characters makes them equally unsympathetic. Philip is unbearably passive and incredibly noble; Laura is a provincial snob, intrinsically vulgar and a born whiner. The minor personages—Saul, the rustic lover, and Susan, the cheery, kindly and sensible friend—are much more vital and attractive. Admirers of Sheila Kaye-Smith's polished prose will encounter this surpris-

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ing inadequacy of character-drawing and moral incongruity of situation with much the same sensations as attend the discovery of half a worm after an eager bite into a handsome apple. D. B. W.

Seven Brothers, by Alexis Kivi. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.50.

THOUGH it is a modern book, this is the stuff epics are made of. The story of Jukola's seven brothers who struggle with nature, human and otherwise, is told with the simplicity and force that make ancient sagas ever new. There is in it the crash and foam of mountain torrents, the naïve wonder of men who see their world through eyes unclouded by the dust of many books, the vitality that makes them burn with life even in the grip of hunger, danger, cold. Because it is a modern saga, there is also a feeling for the secret self of each individual. Put in terms of today, "Seven Brothers" is a pilgrimage from maladjustment to good citizenship, told on a Wagnerian scale to the roar of thunders and the blaze of stars. But there are no analytical pretensions about the manner in which Kivi sets forth his record of the turbulent youths who begin as Ishmaels and end as Jacobs. Only after reading does one grasp how deftly characters have been delineated, and the conflict of particular men made to take on universal proportions. For, first and last, this is a story: a full-blooded tale that sweeps you into accepting the spectacular and agonizing over the outcome. That is what epics have always done. But epics are few, particularly in this heyday of introvert, not to say inverted, literature. Our fiction seldom combines character interest with external nature seen as a thing in itself rather than as the emanation of a scrambled psyche. To achieve this and still escape being "just another of those back-to-the-soil books" is to produce a volume that crackles with magic. Like many of the Scandinavian classics, this one appears to be singularly well translated. B. G.

Contributors

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